

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 11, 1965

35 CENTS

49ERS ON THE MOVE



Fullback Ken Willard

Gillette's new hair grooming discovery for men!



New Heads Up...
combs right in so
you can't tell it's there!
Not drying, never
greasy...new
Heads Up is the
answer to clean
hair control.
Combs right in
so you can't tell
it's there!
Liquid or tube.
New from Gillette,
the people who
know men best.



Will he spark the team like Bill Russell?

If you want to know what defense is all about, just watch Bill Russell play. He blocks so many shots, grabs so many rebounds and intercepts so many passes that he's considered the best player in basketball. Captain of the Boston Celtics, Russell has led his team to the NBA Championship eight out of the last nine years.

Not every youngster can be a Bill Russell. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.



The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Bill Russell, not Equitable, to P.O. Box 1828, New York, N. Y. 10001

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There's only one way to find out if it's British wool.

To err is human. Anybody can make a mistake.

But if you want to be infallible for once in your life, don't peer at the salesman. Don't stare at the ceiling.

Look at the label.

A lot of countries copy out patterns. And

try to match our weaving process. They even shop for sheep in the same place we do. But it's what they do with what they've got *after* they get it that makes all the difference in the woollen you're wearing.

No one can match British know-how. We were making woollens back when Julius

Caesar was making enemies.

So don't let them tell you it doesn't matter. Or that all imported fabrics are alike. Five years from now, you'll be awfully glad you insisted on British wool.

Believe us.

Look for the British label.

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Next week

THE WORLD SERIES between the Minnesota Twins and the Los Angeles Dodgers is now under way. Here the moments that count are analyzed—and photographed in full color.

BEST DEFENSEMAN in college football is Texas' Tommy Nobis. Dan Jenkins describes the marauding linebacker who loves to talk as much as he enjoys wrecking the opposition.

ONCE A WAY-OUT GAME for thrill-seeking nuts, surfing is now the province of the middle class, which rides little waves in little contests. It still, writes Gilbert Robin, is a little nutty.

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Sparkling...
flavorful...
distinctive!



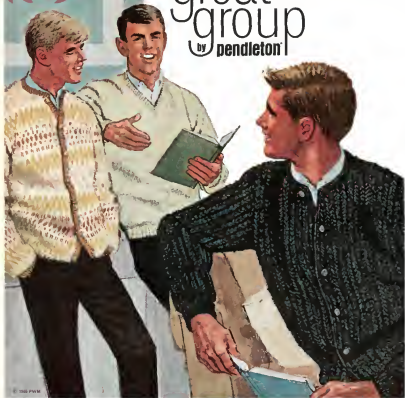
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for 110 years

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special lightness you and your
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Miller High Life for refreshment
that's unequalled, unquestioned
... unchanging!





great group by pendleton



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AND A 1966 FORD MUSTANG FOR EACH WINNER!



Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

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1. Fill in the coupon, or print your name and address on a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper. ENTRANTS MUST BE AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE.

2. Mail entry with end panel from a pack or box of Marlboro cigarettes or a 3" x 5" sheet of paper on which you've printed MARLBORO in block letters. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked on or before November 30, 1965, and received no later than

December 30, 1965. Entries will be held as you like.



3. Drawings will be held December 13, 1965, and the 10 winners will be selected by December 17, 1965. Winners shall each receive two seats at the NFL Championship Game, January 2, 1966 (later if postponed), \$200.00 cash, round-trip, first class transportation for two from winner's home city, hotel accommoda-

tations for two in playing site city for two nights (if game is played within 50 miles of winner's home, \$400 will be paid to that winner in lieu of hotel per diem and hotel accommodations). Winners may need to accept \$500 in lieu of above. All ten winners will also receive a 1966 Ford Mustang.

4. Void where prohibited or regulated by law.

5. Employees of Philip Morris Inc. and its advertising agencies are not eligible.

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Vacations are always too short.

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Models and Series of jets: 707, 720, 737, 747

1 NUMBER



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the No. 1 reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 66 Proof

Were you born in 1934?



December 9, 1934: Star Chicago Bear fullback Bronko Nagurski, one of the greatest block-busting fullbacks of all time, steam-rollers a couple of New York Giants at the Polo Grounds. But the Giants beat the Bears for the championship, 27-13.

Sometimes it seems that whenever you try to forge ahead, the whole world's out to stop you. But there is a way to get a head start—by creating an immediate estate with life insurance. And if you protect your family now with a New England Life cash value life insurance policy...

At 65 you can get back all the dollars you put in—
and a lot more besides!

For example, since you're only 31, you can get back as much as \$6,277* more than you pay for a \$15,000 policy! This is the best way to give your family the financial protection they need, while giving yourself the financial security you need.

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New England Life

*assuming you leave your dividends with the Company. Dividend is not guaranteed; this is an illustration based on our current dividend scale.

A close-up, black and white photograph of a man's face and torso. He is wearing a plaid shirt with a pattern of dark, light, and orange/brown squares. The image is slightly out of focus, emphasizing the texture of the fabric and the bold typography of the headline.

BOLD NEW BREED

Arrow Cum Laude is a great-looking plaid that gets even greater. (Colors bleed after first washing.)

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Back collar button Handy hanger loop

Shoulder to waist taper And neat box pleat in 100% cotton at its best. "Sanforized".

Plenty more in other colors \$5.95

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'66 IMPALA BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet looks new all over again.

The ride's Jet-smoother, too.

As for V8 power, say "Turbo-Jet 396!"

Now you find out what all's new about Chevrolet Impala for 1966. It's longer looking. Lower looking. Crisply sculptured front and back. With posh new interiors. And an even Jet-smoother ride! What we've done with the suspension and body mounts makes driving a '66 Chevrolet seem like owning a fluffy white cloud.

Then there's our Turbo-Jet 396, the 325-hp V8 you can get in any '66 Chevrolet. If you're an adventurer, ask for Turbo-Jet 427 - up to 425 horsepower. Or you might order a Turbo-Fire V8 at 220 hp or 275.

We could tell you more about the 1966 Chevrolets - Impala Super Sport, Impala, Bel Air, Biscayne. The 19 models with Body by Fisher. The special things available like 3-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic and AM/FM Stereo. But reading's not nearly so good as the driving. So please do.


CHEVROLET



Impala Sport Sedan. Impala Convertible interior - If you're ready, turn the page



You speak independent suspension, four-on-the-floor, bucket seats and like that? We hear you, yes we do.

'66 CORVAIR '66 CORVETTE

Now you can sample America's sportiest looking, sportiest acting low-priced car for 1966: Corvair by Chevrolet. A lot's new. Trim touches here and there. Adjustable headrests you can add if you like. A new fully synchronized 3-speed gearbox for creamy smooth shifting.

A lot's not new. You still get bucket seats in Corsas and Monzas. Corvair's engine still rides in back so you go when other cars won't. It's still air-cooled—away with water and hoses and antifreeze! You still get a big choice in Sizes, from our 95-hp miser to the 180-hp Turbo-Charged version you can order in Corsas. The '66 Corvair: for people who like to drive.

Now you hear the big news about Corvette by Chevrolet. For 1966, it's horsepower! Standard V8 is 327 cu. in., 300 hp. There's a 350-hp edition you can order, too. You swashbucklers just ask, and we'll drop in our new Turbo-Jet 427 under its own high-domed hood. "Street" version's 390 hp with a 4-bbl and hydraulic lifters. The performance engine (special cam, solid lifters and more) cranks out 425 hp!

And Corvette knows how to handle all this: full independent suspension, sports-car steering, four-wheel disc brakes. If a package like this doesn't tempt you into the '66 Corvette, just look how it's wrapped.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



Corvair Corsa Sport Coupe



Corvette Sting Ray Sport Coupe

This is the
vermouth
that makes
your cocktail
drier

(It's
drier
than
gin
itself)



Gancia
Extra Dry
(green label) is the
world's driest
vermouth. Every drop
makes your cocktail
drier. The semi-sweet
(red label) adds a
dash of dryness to
the rocks. Puro punto
on the Manhattan.
Ask for "Gian-cho."

Imported Italian Vermouths © 1964, The J. & F. Gancia Co., New York, N.Y.

SCORECARD

GRUDGE FIGHT

Floyd Patterson gives Heavyweight Champion Clay-Ali a rather severe beating in his article that begins on page 78 of this issue, and there are those who will wonder if the religious-ideological issue between the two Negro fighters is not being exaggerated to help the gate for their November 22 fight. Such maneuvers would not be without precedent in the boxing business.

In this case, though, while there is no reason to believe that the promoters are trying desperately to suppress news of the feud, it is clear that Floyd Patterson is perfectly sincere in his resentment; that resentment is directed against the segregationist Black Muslim movement, to which Clay adheres. In so adhering, Patterson feels, Clay is a disgrace to his race, his country and to boxing. Some of what Patterson writes is illogical, but his attitude is likely to evoke a great deal of public sympathy. Sentimental favorite for the fight he will be—although unsentimentally he may wind up at 2-1 against.

As for Clay, there are some points to be made about him. He is a young man who, in his quieter moments, can exercise much charm. The movement to which he belongs is repugnant to most Americans, regardless of race, but it is not illegal. Finally, Clay has an unblemished record as a citizen—which is more than can be said for a number of prominent present-day boxers.

ON, WISCONSIN!

Out of 158 rookies who made NFL or AFL squads this year, seven are from the University of Wisconsin. That is three more than the closest rivals (like Tulsa, Grambling and Florida State) and six more than Arkansas, the national champion. Badger Coach Milt Bruhn should be proud—and he is. Perhaps embarrassed, too, because Wisconsin won only three games last season.

Before student vigilantes string up the coach's effigy, however, a few points should be made.

Tackle Roger Pillath (Los Angeles

Rams) was a senior in 1963 and played for the minor-league Canton team last year, not for Bruhn. Defensive Back Jim Nettles (Philadelphia Eagles) lacked eligibility and stayed in school to get his degree. Fullback Ralph Kurek (Chicago Bears) and Defensive Back Carl Silvestri (St. Louis Cardinals) were off-ten on the injured list.

Still, Bruhn feels a little nervous. "I'm real pleased that these kids are doing so well," he said. "But I've got to win some games."

ADVERTISEMENT FOR HIMSELF

Classified ad from the personal column of London's *Sunday Times*:

"I AM TALL, lean, tragic & 23 yrs., seeking sponsor for studies as classical matador. BOX AB613."

EYE IN THE SKY

Over the weekend it began to appear that next year's college football season will see increasing use of videotape instant playbacks to detect weak spots in offense and defense. The experience of Texas Tech in three games this fall is a vivid testimonial to the value of electronics in football.

Tech installed the system for its Kansas game, thanks to a past president of the Red Raider Club (a booster organization), who made \$25,000 worth of Ampex equipment available. Two assistant coaches watched the television sets in the press box, a pair of portable video recorders beside them. The recorders can rerun any play. Another set was on at the Tech bench, and a player could be called there and shown the opponent's defensive spacings and secondary adjustments.

"You discover instantly," said J. T. King, Tech coach, with some amazement. "the things you normally would turn up in the film by Monday."

Tech won the Kansas game but could not take the bulky equipment to Austin for the following week's University of Texas game. Texas had a small Japanese set of its own that captured essentially the same images as Tech's bigger, more

refined equipment. The Longhorns won.

Back to Lubbock for the Texas A&M game last Saturday, and Tech was trailing 10-0 after its first series of downs in the third quarter. Assistants in the press box saw how the Aggie linebackers were coming up to stop runs by Donny Anderson, All-America halfback. They told Quarterback Tom Wilson to fake to Anderson and pass to an end. Later in the quarter Wilson called the play for a first down and three plays later passed to Anderson for a touchdown. Still further use of the equipment resulted in another touchdown, and the final score was Tech 20, Aggies 16.

Cost has been a prohibitive factor for the colleges, but John Kane, an Ampex representative, says the gear that now sells for \$25,000 may be available next season for as little as \$10,000 to \$12,000 because broadcast quality reproduction is not necessary.

FIT FOR GOLF

When Ed Butterworth, assistant professor of communications at Brigham Young University, decided to give up golf 12 years ago he was shooting around 100. Last spring Ed's children discovered his old clubs in the attic, and Ed was moved to instruct them in the basics of grip, stance and so on. And, in



due course, the golf bug bit him again. In the months that followed he found himself, to his astonishment, shooting in the low 80s.

The improvement was a puzzle until he finally worked out a theory:

- He has become nearsighted. Peering over the bottoms of his bifocals helps keep his head down

continued





This is the 1966 Imperial.

It is an unusual luxury automobile.

It has 17 motors. Sixteen wait on you hand and foot.

One quickens your pulse.

In the 1966 Imperial, there are electric motors for the heater, 6 windows, wipers, washers, starter—standard. For both front seats (standard on all but one model). And for air conditioner, Auto-Pilot, search-tune radio, power antenna—optional. Sixteen, in all.

The 17th motor—a remarkable new 440 cubic-inch V8—is the largest passenger car engine ever offered by Chrysler Corporation.

Its performance is awe-some for several reasons. One of which is a secret ingredient.

A tiny thumbnail of elemental "n" in the alloy of the engine block knits the molecules together, with

greater strength, flexibility. And it makes the engine cooler. 150° F. that's reasonable—only a 20° rise above 100° F.



Our moltycoddling seats

The 1966 Imperial is the first domestic automobile to offer a front seat that is actually three seats in one.

It is a five foot sofa for three.

It also converts to twin armchairs, side by side. Each with its own armrests, each fully adjustable in height, rake, and distance from the dash.

Furthermore, the passenger's seatback reclines to any angle within a 50° arc.

—becoming a third thing.

Eagles & scrolls

Leatheron seatbacks are reinforced with the Imperial eagle crest by the Scamilli Infilte technique, traditionally used to outline final design motifs. (The crest is available if you choose leather upholstery.)

Our new Four Door Hardtop has a built-in roof with a translucent plastic skylight. The interior is upholstered in rich plaided background. (Available in function—also available if you choose leather.)

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By now, you know some of the reasons why Imperial is the incomparable luxury automobile. Let it suffice to say, the supremacy applies

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Along the Imperial's long, low, sleek front end, Imperial is a trademark of superb design, superb performance, superb material and finish, superb style—everywhere and every-when.

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Burgundy

an aromatic blend of
vintage tobaccos, fine taste
and pleasant wine aroma



SCORECARD *Continued*

- Plastic surgery left him with a touchy right foot. He gets off it fast, transferring weight from right to left quickly.
- After an appendectomy, permanent stitches were left in his right side. The side is tender, and to protect it Ed keeps his right elbow in close.
- He has developed a touch of arthritis in his left elbow, and it hurts when he bends it.
- In his early golfing days he went hatless. Now he wears a Sam Snead hat over his thinning pate. "That gives me confidence," he says.

INSTANT SUCCESS

So swiftly did Bob Hayes, the Olympic sprint champion, make the transition from track man to professional football player that in just two weeks he won all awards available in the Dallas Cowboys. First he took the Outstanding Play Award (for a 45-yard, screen-pass touchdown) that earned him a month's supply of milk and a set of matched luggage. Next his teammates gave him the ball for two touchdowns against Washington. That also netted him \$100 worth of clothing. And he was named outstanding offensive player for September, thus winning the Golden Helmet Award presented by Coca-Cola.

His acceptance speeches for all these honors could get him an Academy Award. He has been fracturing Cowboy Club luncheon audiences every Tuesday. When asked if Johnny Sample, Washington defensive back and a notorious chatterbox, had said anything to him, Hayes replied, "No, but the first couple times I tried to block him he slapped me on the helmet. Then I hit him in the jaw, and he didn't give me no more trouble." Whereupon he remembered that Sample had indeed said something.

"When I got in the end zone after that end run," Hayes recalled, "I looked around, and there was Sample lying on the ground. He looked up at me and said, 'Good move.'"

THINKING MAN'S BEANO

The prospect that the U.S. will convert to the metric system some years hence has been disturbing Beano Cook, the University of Pittsburgh sports publicist, because, as he pointed out on a recent visit, its effect on sport will be profoundly confusing.

"A football field," said Beano, "will no longer be 120 yards long. It will be

109,728 meters long. And instead of first down and 10 to go, it will be first and 9.144 meters. The cliché about baseball being a game of inches will no longer be true. It will be a game of centimeters."

Still, some eternal verities will prevail, he feels.

"Somebody will ask Ford Frick how this will affect the measurements of a baseball diamond," Beano said contentedly. "And Frick will reply, 'It is a league matter.'"

TROUBLE AT THE CHRISTENING

Stadium managers across the country are well aware that naming a new sports palace is a bit of a problem. The connotations of the name, its sound, label fitness, and so on, must suit what the public relations people call "the image." Some directors, to get as much publicity mileage as possible, as well as to get naming committees off the hook, have instituted naming contests. A few gems turned up for San Diego's recently voted community sports arena: Go Go Stadium, Payola Park, We Shall Overcome Field, Taxpayer's Hole and Herman Beauvais Stadium. That last one was submitted by Herman Beauvais.

ANCIENT ORDER OF CROQUET

Since it was introduced into England in the middle of the 19th century, the assumption has been that croquet originated in France. The game arrived in the British Isles by way of Ireland and, a pair of savants now hold, it actually originated there, where it was played as early as the 7th century.

In the current issue of an erudite British monthly, *Notes and Queries*, A. S. C. Ross, professor of linguistics at the University of Birmingham, and R. L. Thomson, a lecturer in English at the University of Leeds and a specialist in Celtic languages, carefully outline in an article with 17 footnotes evidence that the game did indeed find birth in Ireland. They dismiss as without support the theory that the name of the game derives from the Old French *croc*, meaning a crooked stick. Rather, they say, it more probably comes from "crooky," an Anglicized version of the Irish word *cluiche*, a verb-noun meaning "play."

Like good detectives, they have spotted a clinching clue. In the old (7th century) Irish story, *The Cattle Raid of Cooley*, the hero, Cuchulainn, interrupts a bull game. The game described in the text has previously been taken to be something similar to hockey

continued



It was London 1769, the night Alexander Gordon introduced his new discovery to the boys.

It was just another get-together. Then Mr. Gordon poured that first silky-smooth, icy-dry glass of Gordon's. When the boys regained their British reserve, they lost no time spreading the good cheer throughout London. It hasn't stopped spreading since. And that was 196 years ago. Which accounts for the fact that Gordon's is still highest seller in England, And America. And the whole civilised world. Have you discovered the delectable difference that makes Gordon's so glorious? You really should. The whole civilised world can't be wrong.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN 50 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON, NEW JERSEY.

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Connecticut General



or hurling. But Ross and Thomson point out that in the game Cuchulain loused up, each player seemed to have his own ball. Nobody ever saw hockey or hurling played that way.

YEAR OF THE BEAR

In an average year New Hampshire's Fish and Game Department receives 11 complaints from farmers about marauding bears. Thus far in 1965 there have been 31. Game officials attribute the increase to the drought. Fruits and berries on which the bears normally feed have not ripened and, as a consequence, hunger has driven the bears to attack livestock, mostly sheep.

Most notorious of the marauders has been a large (more than 500 pounds) male, known as Old Spooky, who had been feasting on stock for two years in the vicinity of Canaan. Between July 1 and September 27 he killed 15 sheep from the flock of a single farmer. A clever rogue, he had eluded hunters, traps and dogs but was felled a couple of weeks ago by a special Lebanon police officer, Robert O. Letourneau, who survived him as he was dining on a sheep.

New Hampshire has no bounty on bears, but it should be an excellent hunting season for several varieties of game. Grouse are expected to be 500% better than last year in several sections.

A nonresident hunting license that allows one deer of either sex costs \$25.25 and is a bargain because Sunday hunting is allowed. Limits are five per day for woodcock (plentiful in the Pittsburgh area), four on grouse, three on rabbits.

And, of course, all the bear you can shoot.

THEY SAID IT

- Dick Sisler, Cincinnati Red manager, on Sandy Koufax's elbow. "If his elbow hurts him, it certainly isn't between the first and ninth innings."
- Langston Coleman, Nebraska end, on luck: "It's what you have left over after you give 100%."
- Emmett Ashford, who moves from Pacific Coast League umpiring to the American League in 1966. "It's like trading chumpunk meat for caviar."
- Bobby Dobbs, Texas Western coach, on his 165-pound flanker back, Chuck Hughes: "We don't ask him to run over anybody. We tell him to run away from them."

END



Going places in photography? Most men who've arrived use Nikon.

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NOT JUST AN OLD SWEET SONG

Georgia! Georgia! The poor little Bulldogs proved their Alabama victory was no fluke by whomping Michigan's giants **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

It is called the Georgia football team, but that is ridiculous. Georgia has about 10 good football players in the entire school, and half of them are on the coaching staff. The Bulldogs are small and not very fast, but neither do they have much of a passing attack. They are the kind of people who, with their hair dripping wet, cannot get their pants straight. When they tie their ties, the thin ends are longer than the fat ends. They have a linebacker named Jiggy Ephram Smaha. How can you figure a team with a guy named Jiggy Ephram Smaha? They have another linebacker, Thomas Walter Lawhorne Jr., who has a straight Apollo average in premed. That is how much sense Georgia makes—except when it whumps you. *continued*

Bulldogging Georgians Steve Neuhaus (48) and Dickie Phillips all but throttle Michigan Beck Wally Goble.

ART SHAR





Georgia whumped Alabama. It also whumped Vanderbilt and last weekend in Ann Arbor it whumped Michigan 15-7. You have to believe that Georgia knows what it is doing.

Preston Riddlehuber, the Georgia quarterback, is one of those who has trouble getting his part right. Harry Mehre, the old ex-Georgia coach who, as "football analyst," now appears regularly in *The Atlanta Journal*, loves Riddlehuber. Why not? Riddlehuber runs like a Citation—and he is color-blind. When he passes, he throws to any color jersey, just as long as it seems to contain a receiver. Riddlehuber, whose friends call him Preston for short, walked out into the middle of that breathtaking Michigan Stadium on Friday to have an early look at the place where his team would complacently lose by eight or more points, and somebody said, "It really gets you, doesn't it, Preston? The tradition and all." "Shoot," said Preston, "we played in big stadiums before. We played in the Sun Bowl. We played in the Gator Bowl."

The Georgia football coach is named Vince Dooley and he, like Riddlehuber, is almost unbelievable. He is only 33 years old. He is an intellectual. He smokes a pipe. When he goes to bed at night he reads Civil War history and his

dreams are uncomplicated by the N's and O's of more believable coaches. His master's thesis (*The United States Senate James Thomas Heflin and the Democratic Party Revolt in Alabama*) has been called the equivalent of a doctoral dissertation. On an office wall where you might expect to see Frankie Sinkwich or Charley Trippi gripping a football he has world maps. Dooley has three small children and a vivacious wife named Barbara, who also has a master's degree. Barbara keeps close enough to the action to shoot down a young coach's ego when it tends to fly too high. While driving to the beach one beautiful day last summer, Vince could not help but reflect on his marvelous first season as head coach. Expected to lose most of his games, he won six, lost three, tied one and upset Texas Tech in the Sun Bowl. "Barbara," Vince asked, "do you know how many good coaches there are in the South right now?" "No, honey," Barbara said, "but I do know there's one less than you think there is."

The probability, however, is that Vince Dooley is about to become a great coach before his time. Georgia is back on top or near it—and this accomplishment is Dooley's miracle. He is a splendid organizer, already a tough enough reener to beat Georgia Tech to the state's best high school players. He is enough of the ex-marine to be dispassionately demanding of his players, enough of the natural leader to be inspiring (Georgia football coaches now do calisthenics with the team). When Dooley played quarterback at Auburn, Jim Tatum of Maryland called him the "greatest competitor I have ever seen." Dooley has made competitors out of the Bulldogs. But, best of all, says Joel Eaves, the Georgia athletic director, "Dooley does not panic." After the last few trying years in Athens, Ga., this is considered a rare quality.

What Dooley's unorthodoxy means in terms of profit and loss at Georgia is that he and his staff have converted a depressing example of mediocrity—before the Michigan game Dooley termed his players "absolutely the worst I've ever been associated with from the standpoint of talent"—into a soaringly dedicated team. Dooley could denigrate the Bulldogs openly because he knew

they would not believe a word of what he said and they would go out and play like maniacs and wind up carrying him (their calm and beloved detractor) off the field triumphantly on their shoulders. If ever there were people born to be loved they are Vince Dooley and his wretched hench.

Naturally, they are not all bad. Preston Riddlehuber, for example, is much like Jimmy Sidle, the skinny ex-Auburn star, when he runs the football—slipping into little crevices like a crab, running off from his interference, scrambling free from a pass-rush. Riddlehuber has been known to run 82 yards just to get himself a touchdown. Pat Hodgson, the end who caught the pass that beat Alabama, is genuine material. Tackle George Patton is an outrageously strong defensive player and Bob Taylor gets to and through a hole as quickly as any halfback in the country despite, or because of, a disconcerting habit of taking the hand-off on his hip, thus giving one the impression he is going to leave the ball behind him.

"Michigan probably has more respect for us than we deserve," said Dooley on Friday. He was standing in the empty stadium, shivering a little in the chilly, gray afternoon because he had not thought to bring a long-sleeved shirt to wear under his blue blazer. "We could get beaten badly," he said. "We could be humiliated."

Michigan did not take Georgia lightly. On that same day Rick Vidmer, the hypochondriac who plays quarterback for Michigan, explored a chart the coaches had prepared on Georgia. Hung on the field-house wall, the chart bore ring shots of the Georgia players and a turgid exhortation: WE HAVE NOT BEGUN TO PLAY OUR TYPE OF GAME—BUT WE CAN GO BE READY. THIS IS IT. Vidmer wears glasses for his nearsightedness, arch supports for his flat feet and keeps a dehumidifier with a blinking red light going full tilt in his room to mollify his asthma. He bounds roommate Don Bailey about open windows, and he makes Bailey distrust. But he is a fine quarterback, and his infirmities have a way of vanishing on Saturday afternoons. "They hit," he said of Georgia, squinting and blinking at the chart. "You can see it in the movies. They really come at you. But the big thing is, they take advantage of your mistakes, and we're big on mistakes. Even beating North Caro-



Jubilant Coach Vince Dooley, unbeaten in 1955, leaves field on backs of his victorious players

lina and California we've given up the ball 11 times already on fumbles and interceptions."

There is, of course, no way of coaching fumbles, but Head Coach Bump Elliott was doubly concerned because in the heat Georgia demonstrated as much vigor in the fourth quarter against Alabama as it had in the first, while Michigan had wilted badly at North Carolina when the heat became a factor.

In a general search for incentives, Boh Hollway, Elliott's defensive coach, made inflammatory references at meetings to the Big Ten-Southeastern Conference rivalry (Teams from the two most powerful leagues in college football seldom meet, but the SEC, formed in 1933, holds a 9-7 edge over Big Ten schools.) Hollway suggested that it would be un-American to give Georgia a touchdown. "Michigan has never—*never*—lost to a SEC team [in three previous games], and it better not start now." "Call 'em Rebs, call 'em Bulldogs, call 'em suckers," warned *The Michigan Daily*, "but don't call Georgia just an old, sweet song."

At the beginning of the game on Saturday the Wolverines did not appear capable of losing to Georgia. But as time went on they looked more and more like players capable of losing to themselves. As Dooley said afterward, a precision team (presumably one from the SEC) would have had Georgia down 21-0 at the half. If that was an overstatement, it certainly did not seem likely that Georgia would leave the field at half time trailing by only 7-6.

Georgia was smaller, and perhaps even a little slower than Michigan, and Elliott went to a tight slot T—for the first time this year—intending to ram right at the Bulldogs. Michigan did, but it had had luck. Halfback Carl Ward, coming back to the weak side, sprinted 28 yards to an apparent touchdown the first time Michigan had the ball, but the Michigan split end was caught leaning on the play. Illegal motion. Michigan came right back but got hit with a holding penalty, then an interception.

It must be some consolation to Elliott that fumbles, as inexplicable as they usually are, tend to run in cycles. His cycle is about ended. But how maddeningly unreal it must have seemed

when his excellent punter, Stan Kemp, dropped a perfect snap from center to set up a Georgia field goal late in the first quarter. Until then Georgia had moved only fitfully, and the shotgun attack Dooley had installed to open up Michigan's huddle—by 10 pounds to the man—defense had proved ineffective. From the Michigan 34 Bob Etter kicked the field goal, first of three for Georgia in three attempts.

Midway in the second quarter Vidmer set up Michigan's touchdown with a 38-yard pass. Moments after the score Michigan was driving again after an intercepted pass, but substitute fullback Tim Radigan fumbled the ball away at the Georgia 28. Now for the first time Georgia began to take the initiative, as Michigan, playing a yard off the ball, was consistently outcharged. Georgia quickly moved 36 yards to set up Uter's 44-yard field goal one second before the half ended.

The second half was Georgia's. The Bulldogs, controlling the ball for the first time this year, ran 43 offensive plays to only 22 for Michigan. They were on the offensive for 22 of the 30 minutes. Dooley tightened down his ends to cut off the Wolverines' power and held them to 28 yards rushing in the second half. Getting the break behind Tackles Ken Pillsbury and Edgar Chandler on wide

dives, Taylor ran 13 times for 71 yards. Once he fell just as he broke free at the Georgia 22 on a run that would have covered 91 yards. But Kemp, punting out of bounds once at the Georgia one-yard line and again at the seven, kept the Bulldogs off the scoreboard.

Finally, halfway into the fourth quarter, the Georgians worked their way 51 yards to their touchdown. On the 28 Riddlehuber rolled left as if to throw. "My receiver was covered," he said later, "and I thought I'd better run for it. Then I saw [Bill] Yearby running parallel with me toward the sideline. I knew he was Michigan's trailer on the play, and when I looked back behind me there was nobody there—nothing except Georgia helmets. I turned and ran the other way and headed for that little flag."

Riddlehuber made it only to the six but, after a delaying penalty, he passed 10 yards into the end zone to Hodgeson. "My first touchdown pass," shouted Riddlehuber afterward. "Maybe I'll get another one someday. But I'm not making any wild predictions."

"As individuals we're nothing," said Riddlehuber as he dressed. "What's so wonderful is that this team knows that. When we play together we're something Michigan hit as hard as any team we've played against but, man, they were suckin' wind at the finish."

END



Mock battle over Rebel flag in Michigan student section ends in Wolverines' only win of day.

BEACHY AND WESLEY AND LBJ

Three players who did not own a headline among them last spring are typical of the unsung Dodgers who provided a championship supporting cast for stars like Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Maury Wills by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Late last week a counterman at the Whelan drug store on the corner of Seventh Street and Flower Avenue in downtown Los Angeles hastily lettered a sign and taped it against the big front window. "San Francisco Giant Steak Sandwich," it read, "So Tender It Folds." Every Angelino who saw the sign smiled, because it is always great fun to tweak those supersophisticates 400 miles to the north and, after all, the Giants did seem to have a championship won, only to lose it to the Dodgers on the next to last day of the season. For the next three or four years Dodger fans are going to refer to 1965 as "the year the Giants blew the pennant," and Giant fans will grudgingly agree. Both, however, will be wrong.

Very few people recognize what really happened in this season's exciting National League pennant race, but the simple truth is, the San Francisco Giants and the rest of the clubs in the league succumbed to one of the grinnest teams ever to play anything anywhere. It is far too easy to say that the Giants folded or that the Dodgers got their third pennant in the past seven years because they won 15 of 16 games while the Giants were losing eight of 17; too easy to say that only tremendous pitching and Maury Wills earned Los Angeles. Just as easy as it was back in May to say that the Dodgers were through because Tommy Davis broke his ankle, or to say in July that if they ever fell out of first place the Dodgers would drift into the second division, or to malign them as contenders late in August when they lost three of four games to the New York Mets. The Dodgers are playing in the World Series now because they got total effort out of speed, pitching, youth, managing, anger, frustration, inexperience and LBJ.

The Dodgers who won the pennant last Saturday are a team right out of pulp fiction because every player does

what he can do. Every time the Dodgers heard a slight about themselves this season they dug in deeper. "Nobody respected us," said Maury Wills. "That's what made us win. Probably not even the New York Mets. We heard all year long from different teams and different writers that we could not win and, while you might expect it from writers, the worst thing is to hear that people in your own profession do not respect you. The more we heard the madder we got, and now I hope somebody knows that it is not good to get a Dodger mad."

The Dodgers were like a child's rubber raft this season, because every time someone pushed them down in one spot they bobbed up in another. They went up against opposition much stronger than themselves time after time with what seemed like little more than a note from their mothers. But almost always when they left a town or closed a home stand they had a little bagful of wins.

Early in the season the other teams wondered who the kid was playing second base for Los Angeles. For years the Dodgers had been bringing up second basemen, only to have them fail. Obviously, the newest one would not do, either. This latest model was Jim Lefebvre, a 22-year-old blue-eyed rookie with two years in the low minors at Reno and Salem and not even half a season at Triple-A Spokane. Lefebvre had won a job in spring training at a time when he was certain he was not going to win it. In 10 intersquad games he got a total of two hits, both of them on the 10th day, and he resigned himself to another spell in the minors, which he knew he needed.

But Manager Walter Alston was not relegating Lefebvre to the minors. Alston had watched Lefebvre the previous winter in the instructional league and had begun to call him Frenchy. In the club's first exhibition game against a major league

team Alston put Lefebvre at second base, and Frenchy made two good plays in the field and hit a long triple. Alston was happy. Lefebvre went on to have a fine spring, and he started the season with the Dodgers. Everything went well until late in June, when Lefebvre played poorly through a home stand. Instead of benching him at home, Alston wanted until the team went on the road.

"I knew I was through," Lefebvre says now, "and I felt maybe he didn't bench me at home because I was from California. I had trouble feeling like part of the team, because I was not doing my job. Sitting on the bench, though, I got a new perspective, and then Alston gave me another chance and I flubbed it. He told me to take extra batting practice, and I did, and I flubbed again. I knew I had had it, and that was it. But he tried me again, against the Reds, and I hit a two-run homer. The team seemed to know who I was. Maury Wills and Jim Gilliam had talked to me several times, trying to help me. All along—even when guys were calling me 'hey, you' or 'fill'—Sandy Koufax would stop by and ask me how I was and call me Beachy, because he knew I was living at Playa del Rey. After the reporters and photographers were through he would take it on himself to put his arm around me when they were gone and thank me for a play I had made and tell me to hang on."

"When I first began going around the major leagues I was shocked that the fans booed the great players—Frank Robinson, Ken Boyer, Henry Aaron. I wondered if I could ever get to the point where they would boo me for the same reasons, and then I thought, 'No matter where we go they don't boo him. Not Sandy.' How great can he be? But he took time to help me, and the rest was just luck."

The rest was not luck at all. Lefebvre plays second base very well, and he hit



Wes Parker played off his ear's right.



To Lou Johnson it all was Dreamsville.



Jim Lefebvre felt he'd be in the minors.

.320 during the last five weeks of the season. He finished with 69 runs batted in, only one behind Ron Fairly's club high of 70.

As far as the rest of the league was concerned, Maurice Wesley Parker III was a who-is-that-playing-first-base type during the early part of the year. Granted, he had played in 124 games in 1964, but only 31 of them were at first base and not many of those were as a starter. "This year," says Bobby Bragan, the manager of the Milwaukee Braves, "Parker has replaced Bill White as the outstanding defensive first baseman in the National League."

Parker is a strikingly handsome young man of 25 who is remarkably versatile. He is a superb fielder, he switch-hits, he runs fast and he plays bridge well enough to have won tournaments in several Los Angeles suburbs. In 1962 Parker went to Hawaii to watch his father in an international bridge tournament. He watched the best players in the world and, although at that time he knew little bridge himself, became interested in the game. His father, a wealthy Los Angeles real estate man, introduced him to some of the players. One evening he watched Charles Goren and Helen Sobel and, fascinated by the way the experts played, put himself into a bridge school. He won a couple of tournaments with partners from the school and then branched out. For two seasons now he has been part of a running bridge game on Dodger road trips with Wally Moon as his partner against Jim Gilliam and Don Drysdale.

When the Dodgers won the pennant last week Parker was a young man who had trouble expressing how he felt about winning. "It came down to the last out," he said, "and I felt so tired that I didn't know what I was doing. I wanted somebody to hit the ball to me and get it over." Parker was standing in the Dodger dressing room amid empty champagne bottles, telegrams, socks and shoes. "Tonight," he said. "Then it will hit me. Long after it's over. I have found it impossible to do anything else but think about being in a pennant race, and I could do nothing to relax and relieve the tension."

The final out in the Dodgers' cham-

pionship year was made by L.B.J.—Louis Brown Johnson. Louis Brown Johnson is a man of 32 years and 19 different teams, a left fielder with an ear on his stomach. He has one daughter and three sons, and he calls the sons Halfway Out, Three-quarters of the Way Out and All the Way Out. The reason that the top edge of his right ear is on his stomach is very simple. It is as simple as playing second base with no major league experience or becoming the best defensive first baseman in an entire league with very little experience. Nine years ago Johnson was playing for Ponca City, Okla., and on the way to a road game he became involved in an automobile accident with several of his teammates. The top part of his ear was sliced off, and it was not possible to sew it back on immediately. The doctors inserted it in a fold of skin on his abdomen. "That's the warmest part of the body," Johnson says. "The doctors told me it would keep warm there and we would put it on later. But I went back to school at Kentucky State and never did have it put back on. But it doesn't bother me. I haven't got rabbit ears, man, but I got the cool."

Johnson came up to the Dodgers in May to fill in for Tommy Davis, and he did a tremendous job, though he was hit by pitches 16 times. Shortly after he joined the Dodgers a Bob Bruce fast ball broke a hole in his batting helmet and sent him to the hospital for three days with a concussion. Johnson staggered out of the hospital and hit a double only three hours after being discharged. When he returned to the team he said, "We're going all the way with L.B.J.," and, in truth, he knocked in many key runs. Plagued by financial problems all his life, Johnson is now playing in a World Series that may net him more than his present \$11,000 salary. "How do I feel starting regularly in a World Series?" he said last Saturday after the Dodgers had won. "I don't believe it, man. That's Dreamsville. I never even was considered a starter in the bigs, and now we're going for everything. Not just L.B.J.—the whole 25. We snuggle up against your leg like little puppy dogs and lick your feet, but you don't wake up in the morning, 'cause you died of rabies."

END

FRANCE REPELS THE INVASION

America's Tom Rolfe and a flock of crack Thoroughbreds from England, Ireland and the Continent went to Longchamp for a true championship test, but the first four horses to finish were all French

by WHITNEY TOWER

The leaders of French racing decided a few years ago that one of the ways to keep up in the modern world of sport—which often seems to get tradition and commercialism confused—was to do a major rebuilding job on Longchamp, the magnificent old course in the middle of Paris' Bois de Boulogne. Opinion on this construction job is not unanimous, but Longchamp today looks like a cross between Orly Airport and New York's Aqueduct. Last Sunday, with no brickwork in progress to ruin the scene, Longchamp reverted for a few wonderful hours to its traditional past. Wine and whiskey flowed, and even the French

aristocracy welcomed the sudden influx of racing fans from England, Ireland, Italy, Russia and the U.S. Well, not everyone was that mellow. One bristling due leered out from under his topper and remarked to his companion, "Mise Dieu, there haven't been as many infernal Americans in France since D-day."

These 1965 invaders of the Bois de Boulogne, a substantial segment of the crowd of 70,000, had turned up to watch some 20 runners compete in the 44th modern version of the classic mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. They had come to watch the best French 3-year-olds, Sea Bird, Reliance and Du-

toime, defend the honor of the République against such famous challengers as Canada's Meadow Court, Ireland's Ragazzo, England's Oncidium, Italy's Marco Visconti, and Anilin, the very best from Russia (which was sending a representative to the Arc for the first time). Finally, there was America's champion 3-year-old, Tom Rolfe, owned by U.S. Ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest and ridden by Willie Shoemaker.

Rarely in the history of international racing has any field been so loaded with genuine class. And most of all, as French Trainer Alec Head put it, in class among the 3-year-olds. "In some years the season belongs to the older horses, but this isn't one of them," he said. "The best 3-year-olds in the world are in this race, and it wouldn't appear that any of the older horses can afford to give them 10 pounds [122 to 132 pounds] and manage to beat them."

How right Alec Head was. The first three to finish were all 3-year-olds, and the first four were all French. They were followed, surprisingly, by the Russian, in fifth place and, not so surprisingly, by Tom Rolfe in sixth, beaten by nearly 17 lengths. Meadow Court, in contention during the early running, faded to ninth.

The Arc was a glorious horse race and truly run. From the moment the spectacular field entered the walking ring a feeling of surging excitement swept the elegant audience. Sea Bird, the 6-to-5 favorite and a strapping chestnut who had lost only one start as a 2-year-old and then won four straight this season (including the Epsom Derby), acted like a tiger during the parade. He was so spirited that for a moment it appeared Australian Jockey Pat Glennon might have a runaway on his hands. There was no chance for such a mishap with Tom Rolfe, for right beside him galloped his own stable pony to lead him to the gate—a break with French tradition that brought mocking laughs from some in the crowd.



A brilliant six-length winner of the Arc, Sea Bird is a chestnut grandson of Native Dancer.

At the starting gate, situated at the foot of the old mill that faces a five-furlong straightaway entailing a climb of 33 feet, the Russian Anilin and Marcel Bouvais's Emerald held up the show by refusing to enter the stalls. A split second after Emerald disappeared into his box, the gates flew open, and at the break it was Tom Rolfe's nose that showed in front. Shoe rolled him out perfectly. Then, as the huge field settled into the first quarter of a mile, in which all runners are required to hold to a straight course before cutting in for position, Shoe took a comfortable hold on his little (950-pound) colt and dropped back to about fifth place. He had broken from seventh position but went up the hill neatly tucked away on the inside and running smoothly.

At first the leader was Khalife, brought only the previous week from Mrs. Mary Hecht by Max Bell for \$40,000, to act as a surefire pacesetter for Meadow Court. But before the crest of the rise was reached, the Italian Marco Visconti took over. Khalife faded as no \$40,000 colt should, and the Italian led the parade into the important right-hand downgrade. Suddenly, however, he had company. It was Moscow's Anilin, who a year ago finished third behind Kelso and Gun Bow in the Laurel International. Under a fine ride by Nikolai Nasibov, Anilin pressed up on the outside of Marco Visconti to make a race of it. Sea Bird and Meadow Court were saving ground behind them, and now it was Tom Rolfe's turn to show what he could do.

Farther in the week, after familiarizing himself with the course, Shoemaker had said: "From a positioning standpoint, the most important quarter of this race begins halfway up the hill and goes through at least half the run down it. I can see that you must get position before starting down the hill so you don't get left when the real running begins." Shoe followed his own advice to perfection, when he moved smartly after reaching the crest of the rise. He brought Tom Rolfe up with a rush, though slightly wile when the colt, acting on his own, experienced difficulty changing his leads on the turn. "He kept wanting to go to the left instead of to the right," said Shoe later. Even so, as the field neared the bottom of the hill, the American, the Italian and the Russian colts were running neck and neck, the three

of them across the track. At this point, with nearly three-eighths of a mile to go and nothing in front of him but an exiguous wide expanse of soft and half-dry grass, Tom's chances looked mighty promising.

Behind the three leaders, Emerald held the rail position, but right with him were Sea Bird and Meadow Court. The stage was set for a thrilling finish as everyone but the track announcer seemed to be screaming with excitement. The latter's calls are piped across the vast expanse of Longchamp in quiet and totally unemotional tones. He was giving just such a call as the field turned into the final straight, when the partisan mob rose to its own cries of "Et voilà—Sea Bird!"

And indeed it was mule Sea Bird. Moving with extreme looseness and accelerating apparently without effort, Sea Bird wrapped up his victory quickly and decisively. He roared by a tiring Emerald and then neatly charged between Marco Visconti on the rail and Anilin, leaving a fading Tom Rolfe in his wake.

Sea Bird flew away from everything, though he was bearing out badly at the wire. Reliance challenged him for an instant with a rush that brought him from the middle of the pack, but his run fell six lengths short. Nevertheless, Reliance had five additional lengths on third-place Datome, who edged out Free Ride by a neck for fourth. The latter beat Anilin by half a length, and the Russian, spotting Tom Rolfe 10 pounds, still managed to beat him five lengths.

It has long been suggested in Europe that Sea Bird, a grandson of Native Dancer, may be a horse in the super-claws of a Ribot. Soon these two may have a chance to compare notes, for Sea Bird quit racing this week and will take up residence as a stallion on a five-year lease at John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm in Lexington, Ky. Galbreath leased him from his owner-breeder, Lillie Textile Manufacturer Jean Ternynck, for \$1.5 million, a little more than he paid for five years of Ribot's services in 1980. Though Ribot should be returning soon to his native Italy, where he has a full book for next year's breeding season, he may still be at Darby Dan when Sea Bird arrives. The reason for the delay is that Ribot is now dangerously fractious and nobody wants to get into a plane or even a boat with him. As much



Owner Raymond Guest and Jockey Willie Shoemaker confer before Europe's top race

as the Italians want him to come home, the betting now is that Ribot's Kentucky home will be permanent.

And what about little Tom Rolfe, who gave the Arc such a good try? His defeat was no disgrace. He is a truly fine mile-and-a-quarter horse, who was virtually on the lead at this point in the Arc. He was running in an unfamiliar—clockwise—direction, up- and downhill, and his shoes were new and French. But the simple truth is that he was incapable of challenging the world's best in their familiar championship distance. Frank Whiteley had him perfectly trained, and Shoe gave him a spotless ride. After all their efforts, they watched Sea Bird bring home a check for \$216,949 for owner Ternynck, while Tom Rolfe earned nothing more than respect.

Sea Bird's owner had said, when predicting that he would win the Epsom Derby last June, "My horse, he is a good one." Now it was the time for the owner of Tom Rolfe to say something. At Longchamp at dusk, Raymond Guest cradled his hat against his chest as he towered over the little horse. He looked around at his friends and then characteristically concluded, "Well, we took it on the nose today, but I don't think it hurt racing a bit. And besides, we'll live to run another day."

END

THE 49ERS LOSE THEIR COOL AND GET HOT

In mannerly San Francisco the pros are sitting down to rah-rah dinners, and the city's sedate fans are applauding politely again by **TEX MAULE**

After the San Francisco 49ers won their second straight game of the season at Kezar Stadium, the team repaired to a dining room atop a nearby brewery for a postgame dinner. This kind of togetherness is not unusual elsewhere in the league, but in genteel San Francisco, where the fraternal roar of lions is greeted with pained shudders, it is practically unheard of. Remarkably, it was the players themselves who arranged the party. In earlier times they finished their game and went their separate ways. The dinner marked a first for the 49ers and was evidence of a new and burgeoning spirit.

"We were never together as a team," says John Brodie, the quarterback. "At practice the offensive and defensive units are separate. After practice everyone went off in different directions—across the Golden Gate Bridge to Marin County, over the Bay Bridge to Oakland, out the Bayshore Freeway to Redwood City or Atherton or Palo Alto. We never had a kind of team feeling, so some of us thought that a dinner like this would help."

He paused for a moment.

"Of course," he said cautiously, "we don't want to overdo it. I think three or four times a year will be enough."

This sophisticated attitude toward team spirit is as much a reflection of San Francisco as it is of the players. The 49er fan is probably the best-mannered, least excitable in pro football. In most NFL parks you will see banners flying with fulsome phrases such as "We Love Our Colts" (with the O's in the form of a heart), or you will be deafened by the blast of air horns celebrating a home-team touchdown, but in Kezar Stadium a crumpled bed sheet is thrown upon, and a man who dares tootle a raucous horn is promptly es-



POWERFUL ROOKIE Ken Willard sprouts a hard hand on his helmet and balls to a gain

corted from the premises to the polite applause of his neighbors.

The press box in Kezar Stadium has the air of a country club; it is the only one in pro football where women are not only allowed, but welcomed. It is populated in large part by civic officials and their wives, with working sportswriters spotted here and there like raisins in a poundcake.

In recent years, as the 49er fortunes ebbed, there have been times when there were as many people in the press box as in the stands. Their combined total often was exceeded by the squadrons of gulls which appear about the middle of the fourth period looking for rare bits of popcorn and creating an understandable nervousness in punt receivers, who must look up for the ball.

Unfortunately, the sophistication that makes San Francisco a delightful city has made the 49ers, over the years, a less than frightening football team. One coach, quitting after a couple of years of despairing effort, explained that too many of the players owned convertibles and that there were too many distractions in the Bay area.

Red Hickey, a tough coach of the blood-and-guts school, tried to whip the 49ers into an appropriate frenzy by the free application of an abrasive tongue, but he succeeded only in creating a mood of sullen rebellion. Under Hickey, the 49ers subsided after one lone year near the top—they tied Detroit for the Western Conference lead in 1957 but lost the title in a playoff game—to the bottom of the Western Division and stayed there two more years under his successor, Jack Christiansen. But Christiansen, a tough, aggressive player on a reckless Detroit team in the 50s, now seems to have discovered how to get the most out of his team. The 49ers are on the move, as they proved in a rip-roaring second half in Sunday's 27-24 loss to the powerful Colts, and the fans are becoming enthusiastic.

"No one thing started us back," says Lou Spadia, the general manager. "A lot of small things started us down, and a lot of small things have contributed to our comeback, too."

Spadia is only partially correct. The

49ers' rise can be traced, as Spadia says, to a number of things, but none of them is very small. The most important is Christiansen. Another is Brodie, a handsome whilom golf pro, who has suddenly learned to control his approach shots. Then there is Ken Willard (see cover), a powerfully built outfielder who turned down \$80,000 from the Boston Red

Sox—and probably more than that from the American Football League—to play in the NFL. And finally there is John David Crow, the injury-ridden half back who is one of the best runners in football when a) he is allowed to play, and b) he remembers to take the ball with him on his runs.

Put them all together and add a good,

a comeback



POISED VETERAN John Brodie, enjoying new help from new running backs, fires off pass.

experienced offensive line, exceptional receivers and a quick and opportunistic defense and you get the most improved football team in the league.

It may also be the NFL's happiest and most relaxed team, an excellent state of affairs brought about by Christiansen, who came to the 49ers in 1959 as an assistant coach after eight years with the Lions. There he was the leader of Chris's Crew, which, for four or five years, was the best secondary defense in football, and he still holds the league record for scoring on punt returns. He started working on the rudiments of this achievement as a rookie, when he shared safety on punts with Don Walker. In a game against the Los Angeles Rams, Joe Stydahar, the Rams head coach, told Norman Van Brocklin, "Punt away from Walker. Punt it to that skinny rookie." The spindly-legged Christiansen ran the ensuing punt back 69 yards for a touchdown. Later in the game Stydahar, believing the run to have been an accident, again instructed Van Brocklin to punt to the skinny rookie. This time Christiansen ran the punt back 47 yards for another touchdown.

As the leader of Chris's Crew, Christiansen created a feeling of insouciant daring and an immense pride on the Detroit defensive team, and he did this without the bravado that generally accompanies such deeds. Just as quietly he has instilled the same qualities this season in the entire San Francisco team; if, as some claim, a team reflects the personality of its coach, this is nowhere more true than with the 49ers.

"He's the easiest coach I ever played for," says Crow, who has played for many and who came to San Francisco from the St. Louis Cardinals in the off season in a trade for Defensive Back Abe Woodson. "Oh, he may get mad and chew you out if you need it, but he's been a player recently and he knows how to treat players. He doesn't humiliate you, and he doesn't talk it up too much. This is a game for professionals and we don't need pep talks, and here we don't get them."

Crow, who has been one of the best running backs in the league for seven years, helps the 49ers not only as a ball-carrier but as a stabilizing influence on the rest of the San Francisco backfield, which is composed of rookies and second-year men.

"I'm the old head with a hunch of

kids," he says, "but I learn a lot from them, too. Of course, I don't help them so much that one of them will take my job away. That's too much."

Crow fitted easily into the 49er offense. "It's simpler than the Cardinal offense," he says. "We have fewer plays, but we hit every hole and we hit them all in several different ways. Only trouble I had was getting used to the offensive line. You'd be surprised how different it looks to a running back behind a new line. I had to get my timing worked out with the guards and tackles. I played behind Ken Gray at St. Louis for seven years and I knew what he was thinking, and then Charley Johnson and I used to talk things over a lot, he was a young quarterback and I could talk to him, Brodie is a veteran, and he knows his own mind and what he is going to do. We don't have to talk so much."

It has been only recently that Brodie, despite his eight years in the league, has known his own mind. The former Stanford star started the season by completing an extraordinary 75% of his passes in the first two 49er games against Chicago and Pittsburgh. On at least one occasion last year (against the Baltimore Colts in a 14-3 loss) he was so far off target that he sat in the dressing room and wept after the game.

"I was confused," he said the other day, "and because of that I didn't throw well. Now everything has been simplified. Our line blocking has been standardized. Our pass patterns are simpler, and the receivers run them exactly. Dave Parks, for instance, has made the biggest improvement of any player I have ever seen, primarily because he runs his patterns exactly this year. A lot of that is due to Christiansen, but a lot comes from Y. A. Tittle, too. You have to have a quarterback coach who used to be a quarterback. If you've never played the position, you can't think like a quarterback. You watch what happens with Charley Johnson, now that the Cardinals have Bobby Layne working with him. He's bound to improve. What did he throw against the Browns? Six touchdowns? And Layne had been working with him for only a week!"

Although Brodie is reluctant to talk about it, his improvement as a quarterback stems from the departure of Red Hickey, who quit as head coach of the 49ers after the third game of the 1963 season. Hickey's scaring tongue had

wounded but did not inspire Brodie.

"We used to learn a new offense every week," Brodie said. "We had the shotgun for a long time, with me at tailback if we were going to throw and Kalmer at tailback if we were going to run. We were telegraphing our punches. Then in one game against the Rams, we tried to fool them. I was going to do the running, and Kalmer would pass. We got clobbered, and I nearly got both ankles broken trying to run. I'm not valuable to the team running; I'm valuable throwing the ball. Tittle knows that and so does Jack."

Unfortunately, in 1964, Christiansen's first full season as the San Francisco head coach, Brodie was about as good a runner as the 49ers had. J. D. Smith and Don Lisbon were injured, and by the end of the season the top ballcarrier on the club was a rookie free agent named Dave Kopay. He gained an anemic 271 yards in 75 carries. Kopay is improved this year, but he has the club to thank for this as much as his own hard work. The 49ers went after the best running back available in this year's draft—the 230-pound Ken Willard, an All-America at North Carolina—and they signed him. Willard's pro debut was spectacular. After his first two games he was second only to Jim Brown in rushing.

"It feels good," Brodie says. "It's comforting to look back and see those good runners and know that the defense isn't stacking against your passes."

Willard is a thickly built, crew-cut blond with the heavy thighs and strong huttocks of a power runner. He also has surprising speed and he is intelligent, which does not hurt his running either. He averaged B as an undergraduate at North Carolina and is now studying law at Santa Clara.

"I could have quit high school when I was 17 and signed with Boston to play baseball," he said the other day. "I was just about as big then as I am now and I could hit the long ball often enough. They sent Ted Williams down to Richmond to talk to me and they offered me a lot of money. I thought about it, but I wasn't sure I would be dedicated enough to my education to go back winters to get my degree. Then I had read somewhere that only about 7% of all baseball rookies ever make it in the major leagues, and I thought about traveling around in buses in the minors and I hate buses. So I went to North Carolina on a football scholarship."

continued

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Willard, who became a strong NFL supporter through watching Washington Redskins telecasts during his high school and college years, never considered the AFL, although Buffalo wanted him. "I was picked by Buffalo in a secret draft a week before the 49ers drafted me, but I wasn't interested in the AFL and I didn't like the secret draft. I guess maybe if I had come up to the pros five or 10 years from now, when the AFL is better established, I might have been interested."

Willard did not report immediately to the 49ers this summer. Instead he played with the College All-Stars against the Cleveland Browns, a preparation for pro ball that he would recommend to any aspiring rookie. "It is a gradual indoctrination," he says. "I started with the All-Star Game in Buffalo, where you play against the best college players. Then I went to the All-Star camp at Northwestern. We scrimmaged the Chicago Bears, and I got my first taste of the pros. Then we played the best of the pros—the Cleveland Browns—in the All-Star Game. So the transition [Willard talks like this] from college to professional football was gradual."

Ken and Bonnie, his young, lovely wife from Richmond, live a two-minute drive from the 49er in-season camp at Redwood City with Scott, a 3-month-old son who looks like a future tackle.

"I learned a lot from watching John David," Willard said the other day, while Bonnie gave Scott a bottle. "He's a finesse runner. He runs with a low, shuffling stride, like Jim Taylor or Jim Brown. They don't pick their feet up, and they are always on balance. In college I hit the hole as fast as I could. But I noticed Taylor takes his first couple of steps very quickly, then hesitates and looks for an opening. I tried that against the Steelers and it worked out pretty well. I think."

"One thing I like about pro football," Willard said, echoing Crow, "is that the coach doesn't spend any time trying to key you up. These guys are pretty easy about a game. You'll see someone, just before the start, sitting reading a book. This is an intangible, but it is important. I don't like to be pumped up before a game. I'll get myself up and I don't need outside help."

Of his noninspirational technique, Christiansen says: "It's all over by Saturday. Nothing I can say just before a

game is going to change it. If you are properly prepared, you'll play well. If you're not, Sunday before a game is too late."

Christiansen, tall but no longer spindly, is open and honest about himself. He was surprised when he was named head coach of the 49ers, because there were other coaches on the staff who had more experience. He was selected during a two-hour conference between Spadia and Vic Morabito, the president of the 49ers, who has since died. Spadia today cannot remember exactly why they settled on Christiansen.

"I liked him because the players liked him, and he always had something to offer in meetings," Spadia says. "Logically, we should have picked a guy like Moose Myers, who had coached College of the Pacific, but we picked Jack. We're happy about it. It was a complete change from Hickey, who did a good job for us and wasn't fired. Coaches get praised too much for winning and blamed too much for losing."

Basically, the difference between Christiansen and Hickey was in their first approach. While Hickey was critical and demanding, Christiansen was critical and tolerant.

"You get a lot of young ball players in camp, but always they seem to break

down to two kinds," Christiansen says. "There are a few who need to be kicked in the butt to produce; there are a lot more you have to handle gently and to praise. Our idea is to handle everyone gently at first, not hurting the sensitive ones. Later we can use the needle on the ones who need it."

Christiansen believes in delegating responsibility, a factor that many think has helped the team.

"A head coach doesn't have time to coach any more," Christiansen says. "He has to take care of public relations and organization. All I do on the practice field is supervise. Last year I tried to work with the backs, but I didn't have the time. So now Tittle works with them. When we're concentrating on defense, he's over at the side working with Brodie and George Mira and the receivers. It helps."

The 49ers work even after practice, a fact that has impressed Hugh McElhenney, San Francisco's marvelous halfback of some years ago. "This is the first time in a long while I've seen this kind of a 49er club," he said. "I watched them practice the other day. Used to be when practice was over everyone went in. Now they stay out and run pass patterns or plays. They work extra. They think they can win it."

ENO

ONCE BLASÉ, YOUNG SAN FRANCISCANS EAGERLY CLUSTER AROUND REDDIE'S CAR



WE WERE EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH VICTORY

by **RUSSELL BAKER**

Something fine in American sport was preserved when Calvin Griffith moved his Washington Senators to the wheat belt and renamed them the Minnesota Twins. Few people outside Washington understand this.

In towns like New York and San Francisco the Washingtonian is greeted with misplaced sympathy. "It's too bad," these well-meaning people say, trying to be nice, "too bad that the year the Senators finally won the pennant they were disguised as the Minnesota Twins."

The Washingtonian, being a gentleman about his baseball, will not disillusion the New Yorker or San Franciscan. He knows that towns like New York and San Francisco tend to breed baseball "fans," a coarse genus that aspires to the shabby distinction of winning pennants.

Winning has no place in the Washingtonian's thinking about baseball. The idea that people might go to the ball park in the expectation of seeing their team win strikes him as childish, for the Washingtonian is not a "fan" but a connoisseur of baseball. What the tea ceremony is to the Japanese and cricket at Lord's is to the Englishman, what Wagner at Bayreuth is to the opera lover and *Swan Lake* at the Bolshoi is to the Muscovite, baseball at D.C. Stadium is to the Washingtonian.

For him, living with a bunch of bums has been elevated to high art. When he goes to the ball park, it is not for the sweaty satisfaction of seeing a contest. He knows that the Senators will lose, just as the Wagner devotee knows that Tristan and Isolde will die in the last

act. What interests both are style and quality of performance.

How will the Senators do it? Will they blow a five-run lead in the ninth while outfielders collide head to head? Or will the pitcher simply yield hit after hit? Should the Senators win, as they occasionally do, he comforts himself with the assurance that art will be redressed by a six-game losing streak. Deep in his subconscious lies the proud awareness that he is the flower of a unique American heritage. The Senators' 30-year record of total ineptitude is unequaled in the annals of modern sport, and the Washington baseball connoisseur is its finest by-product.

Any team, after all, can win a pennant. Even the St. Louis Browns did it in 1944. But to outwit the law of averages for 32 years, to finish with unparalleled consistency in the cellar, to lose 100 games year after year without letdown—that is distinction.

All this explains why Washingtonians began to worry a few years back when ugly portents of professionalism began to break out on the team. Calvin Griffith had hired a number of men who betrayed unmistakable signs of competence. Among them were Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison, Camilo Pascual, Zoilo Versalles, Jim Kaat, Don Mincher and Earl Battey.

Killebrew played third base in those days and you went to the park—then the old Griffith Stadium—to see Harmon field hot grounders with his chin. This, of course, was in the best Senator tradition, but the trouble was that

Now that the Senators have clinched a pennant, after being safely removed to Minnesota, a capital-wise columnist for The New York Times feels free to disclose that presidential intervention was needed back in 1960 to prevent the destruction of the subtle pleasures of Washington baseball watching—and the consequent demoralization of the Federal Government — by a malcontent named Calvin Griffith

Killebrew could also hit the ball all the way to Baltimore. On top of that, Allison was holding on to fly balls, Pascual and Kaat were both throwing strikes and Battey was catching them. When this team finished fifth one year—it was still an eight-team league and fifth place was the second division—several of the most influential men in town asked for a conference with Griffith.

"Not that we're concerned or anything, Cal," they said, "but we'd like to know when you're going to start trading off Killebrew, Pascual, Battey and Versalles for some real bush leaguers, the way you always do."

"Ain't planning to trade 'em off this time," said Cal.

"Do you realize," the appalled connoisseurs demanded, "that unless something is done this could develop into a first-division team? What are you going to do about it?" Griffith laid it on the line.

"By 1965," he said, "I plan to have a team that will win the American League pennant."

News of Griffith's threat swept the cocktail circuit. Grown men stopped Griffith on the street. "Say it ain't so, Cal," they pleaded.

"It's so," Cal said. "By 1965 we're going to take the Yankees."

The town was shattered. I remember a dinner party at that time at which the guests spoke their hearts.

"If the Senators start winning," the host said, "it's going to ruin Washington baseball. The park will be overrun with fans. Where will we go when we

want a cool spot to get away from television, drink a quiet beer and read the newspapers in peace?"

"Baseball to me," said a purist, "is savoring the ingenious methods the Senators devise to lose. I go to the park, and it's a tie game in the late innings. What I want to see is tragedy or comedy, not some cheap melodrama in which a side of beef in a Senator uniform hits the ball over the roof and wins the game. I want to see Pete Ramos' heart broken again as Mantle hits his gopher ball into the bleachers. I want to roar with laughter as the Orioles score the winning run when Harmon fields a grounder with his funny bone. That's what made Washington baseball famous."

"A winning ball team," said another man, "would destroy every precept we have tried to teach our children."

"That's right," said a fourth. "It doesn't matter how you play the game as long as you lose."

Popular sentiment alone could not have kept Griffith from wrecking the Senators, but higher authority intervened.

At a secret White House meeting the facts were laid before the President:

1. A pennant contender would necessarily be a team that took risks, such as stealing bases, trying the squeeze play, hitting the 3-and-0 pitch and using the hit-and-run. This would inevitably infect Washington's 280,000 federal workers with the dangerous notion that the way to get ahead is by taking chances.

If even 10% of the bureaucracy should quit playing it safe, the result might be catastrophic. Decisions that normally tie up whole agencies for months might be daringly made by one man in an afternoon. Letters on which 10 men now collaborate might be dashed off by a single risk-taker. In no time the government might not have enough work to keep 280,000 people busy, and Washington would face a crisis.

2. The presence of a pennant contender in Washington would confront the President with a dangerously competitive television attraction.

3. A pennant for the Senators would radically upset the country's traditional

hate patterns. Instead of hating the Yankees the country might start hating the Senators. Since any Chief Executive would be inescapably identified with Washington, Senator-haters everywhere might very well go to the polls and vent their Senator-hatred on the President.

4. The rise of a major baseball power on the Potomac would play into the hands of critics who accuse the President of trying to centralize all power in Washington.

5. Similarly, it would enable General de Gaulle to charge that Washington, not content with extending its hegemony over all Europe, was now moving in on the American League.

The position paper went on for 10 more pages, but those who were there say the President did not read beyond point 5. The White House lights burned late. Cadillacs came, and Cadillacs went. The next day Calvin Griffith announced that he was moving his team to the prairie and rechristening it the "Minnesota Twins."

With Griffith gone, of course, the Senators had to be rebuilt from the ground down. Fortunately, the other American League owners were sympathetic to Washington's needs. They agreed to pool all the players on their payrolls whom they had been unable to give away, and to sell them to the Senators for only \$2 million.

In Washington we have been proud of that new team. For four years it never failed to lose at least 100 games. In New York the Mets boast that they field a team of superior ineptitude, but their short tenure in the big time and the hush-league exhibitionism of their fans mark them as parvenus almost certain to win a pennant before 1980.

When that day comes, we Washingtonians will go to D.C. Stadium for a quiet beer and read about it in the papers and feel smug in a well-bred way while the Senators blow a five-run lead in the ninth.

As for the victorious Minnesota Twins, no tears for us Washingtonians, please. We have serious things to worry about this fall. Kansas City and Boston have just teamed up to knock the Senators out of last place. What's more, the Senators failed to lose 100 games.

"Another season like this one," they say on the cocktail circuit, "and we'll ship the huns to Milwaukee."

END



THE PRESIDENT GOT THE FACTS: THEY SHOWED A CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

The Bear Bryant Hilton

Football may not be king at the University of Alabama, but it lives like one in the ultimate of athletic dormitories. Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant's palace-away-from-home for proven players cost \$1 million when completed in the spring of 1963. Brick colonial on the exterior, Italian provincial inside, the dorm is fully air-conditioned and houses 130 boys, two to a spacious room (upper right), 100 of them football players, 20 basketball, six baseball and four track men. Golfers, tennis players or swimmers might qualify "if they're winners," says Publicist Charley Thornton. The dorm has a library, two study rooms, a recreation room, a TV room with a 23-inch color television set, and two full-time dieticians to make the dining room hours (opposite) pass heartily. Steak is served every night and twice on Saturday. There are four luxury guest rooms for visiting mammas and papas. A swimming pool is to be added off the back (it was not put in immediately because, as Coach Bryant's wife said, "some people might think it a bit much") and Bryant has ordered a fountain for the front lawn. Last April the state legislature named the dorm Paul W. Bryant Hall, but it may be having second thoughts. Already this season Alabama has lost, and some legislators may be wondering if life has not become just a little too soft in Paul W. Bryant Hall.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIMMY COOME





It could be the lobby of the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. It is, in fact, the entrance foyer of the athletes'



dorm, where players and a proud Paul Bryant pose among marble columns, Italian lanterns and prints of Roman ruins.

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On a weekend filled with upsets, there were strange scores and last-ditch victories. SMU, crushed 42-0 by Illinois the week before, tied and almost beat Purdue, the nation's top-ranked team. Pittsburgh rolled up 48 points but was hardly in the game, giving up an inglorious 63 to West Virginia. Alabama, Ohio State, Stanford and Texas Tech were all losers with less than two minutes to play, all winners at the end. If anything was normal it was the playing of Texas Western's Billy Stevens, whose sensational passing has become routine

It stands to reason that nothing molds a first-rate college quarterback like experience. In a matter of moments he must read defenses, call plays, fake hand-offs, keep track of four receivers breaking eight ways and then hit the free man with the football while dodging tackles quickly enough to stay alive. To learn this takes time. There are exceptions, of course. Ron VanderKelen, a senior quarterback at Wisconsin in 1962, learned so much in 90 seconds of play as a sophomore and junior that in his final year he was able to lead his team to the Big Ten title and the Rose Bowl. Similarly, John Huarte, a senior quarterback at Notre Dame last year, somehow transformed himself into a canny veteran after only nine minutes of previous game experience, and gained for Notre Dame recognition as the nation's No. 1 team and for himself the Heisman Trophy.

Now comes Billy Stevens, a tall sophomore quarterback at Texas Western, who has suddenly blossomed in the El Paso desert and become the nation's most effective and exciting passer. Stevens counts in his football scrapbook only six high school games, five of them as an undistinguished running halfback, plus three games with a ball-control Texas Western freshman team for which he threw only 45 passes. But last week—in his third consecutive varsity game—Stevens put on the kind of long-range aerial display that has kept Texas Western undefeated (they failed to win a game last year) and has packed 51,000 people into El Paso's Sun Bowl in two games as

against 55,000 for five games last year. Stevens completed 18 passes for 309 yards and two touchdowns as Western downed New Mexico State 21-6.

Stevens, who comes from Galveston, Texas, is physically well suited to play his role as a forward-passing phenomenon. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds and uses the same modified side-arm motion once employed by another sweet-passing Texan, Sammy Baugh. But this kind of talent can amount to nothing without the right kind of team, and the right kind of team has been provided by Texas Western's brand new coach, Bobby Dobbs, a tall, robust, urbane man of 42 who thinks that football should be entertainment and that entertainment is a long forward pass. Dobbs, whose brother Glenn teaches a similar philosophy as head coach at Tulsa, was raised by the conservative Earl Blaik at Army, for whom he played fullback and later served as assistant coach. As head coach at Tulsa from 1955 to 1960, Bobby Dobbs was very much a ball-control man, but he changed during his four years as coach of the Calgary Stampeders in the Canadian pro league. North of the border they play with 12 men on each side, have only three downs to make a first down and always keep the ball in the air.

"The Canadian League opened my eyes to how entertaining football can be," says Dobbs. "I'll never go back to ball control again. When I came down here I planned to put in a passing game. It was what I wanted and what I knew

best. I was just darned well going to dig up the right personnel."

First, a quarterback. Stevens turned out to be the right one after a week of spring practice. "He had a good arm," says Dobbs, "and could throw the ball hard. He was tall enough to see over the defensive line and he had great temperament. Billy was as mature as any 19-year-old you could find anywhere."

Stevens' lack of early playing experience had been due to a series of disasters, not a lack of ability. As a high school sophomore he had been smashed down as he dropped back to pass, suffering a dislocated vertebrae in his back. The injury kept him idle through the fall of his junior year as well. Then a broken collarbone and an appendectomy kept him out of action until his last five games as a senior, which he played at halfback. He came to Texas Western only because one of his high school coaches pleaded with the college to give him an athletic scholarship.

Armed with a passer, Dobbs's next need was a line to protect him. "This was so important that I robbed seniors from the defense to give me the experience to protect against stunting defenses," says Dobbs. From tackle to tackle, Texas Western now has five rugged seniors who average 6 feet 1 inch and 220 pounds.

Finally, Dobbs had to find people to catch the passes. Texas Western has two receivers who have made Stevens' statistics look even better by a series of acrobatic catches and dazzling long runs. One is Split End Bob Wallace, a 6-foot-2

continued

sophomore who weighs 200 pounds, but can sprint 100 yards in 9.7 seconds and catch anything within reach of his long fingers. Last year Wallace was a freshman at Phoenix Junior College, but when he heard that Dobbs was installing a pro-type passing attack at Texas Western, it was bye-bye Phoenix. Wallace has caught only 12 passes so far, but six of them have been for scores.

The other and most favored of Stevens' targets is flanker Buck Chuck Hughes, a bony junior from Abilene whose lean, hard body (5 feet 11, 165 pounds) and mean, competitive scowl call to mind the gunslingers of the old Southwest. When he leaves the huddle and trots toward his offensive post, Hughes's hands flop limply from the wrist as if about to fast-draw a Colt .45. Hughes is all zigs and zags, running his patterns and running the ball. He returns punts and kick-offs, as does Wallace, and has caught 22 passes for 666 yards (30 yards a catch) and seven touchdowns.

Despite these offensive talents, Texas Western was an underdog in each of its first two games, but the team scored lop-

sided victories in both. Stevens gained 500 yards passing, a national record, in a 61-15 rout of North Texas State, and threw for five scores against New Mexico. "I'm still in a state of shock," said New Mexico Coach Bill Weeks four days after the game, "but I've become a believer."

Last week New Mexico State's peppy coach, Warren Woodson, was *not* a believer. He was planning to furnish the surprises. "You don't think I've come down here to lose to these punks?" he growled. Woodson made the 42-mile trip from Las Cruces with the biggest defensive line that Texas Western is likely to see this year—four men weighing an average of 237 pounds. Woodson also put two men each on Wallace and Hughes and often wound up with seven men in the defensive secondary. New Mexico State scored first, taking a 6-0 lead in the first quarter. But it never threatened again. With nine minutes left in the first half and the ball on his own 36, Stevens lofted a pass downfield to Hughes, who was tightly covered by Defensive Halfback Jim Miller on the New Mexico

State 25. Miller caught the ball, but as he and Hughes tumbled to the ground Hughes simply wrestled it away from him. Five plays later Wallace raced across in front of two New Mexico defenders and leaped high to catch a Stevens pass on the one-yard line. When the defenders tumbled to the ground in a tangle, Wallace jogged into the end zone for Texas Western's first score and a 7-6 lead. Three minutes later Hughes returned a punt 85 yards for another Texas Western touchdown, and late in the third quarter Wallace, standing on the goal line while fending off the New Mexico safety man, pulled in a 41-yard Stevens pass for the final score of the game and an eventual 21-6 victory.

"It was a good experience for Billy," said winning Coach Dobbs. "He got roughed up a lot. They made us work for everything we got."

It had indeed been a rough night for Billy. The breath was knocked out of him completely on one play and his knee strained during another. He emerged from the evening with large, red bruises all over his body and 81 yards lost trying, unsuccessfully, to get rid of the ball. But when he did get it off, Wallace and Hughes did the rest. Stevens now leads the nation in total offense with 977 yards, in passing with 1,106 yards gained and in touchdown passes with 10. So who needs experience to be a top quarterback? Get yourself a strong arm, a team with a pro-style passing attack, live elephants in the forward wall, a couple of receivers with baseball gloves for hands and then just throw the ball someplace. Really, there's nothing to it.

—GWILYM BROWN



Showing professional poise in the face of onrushing linemen, Texas Western's Billy Stevens demonstrates his passing magic in victory over rugged New Mexico State.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS (3-0) 2. ARKANSAS (3-0) 3. BAYLOR (2-1)

Texas Western and New Mexico State were expected to stage a close game, and indeed they were not, which explains why a Dallas motel sign pleaded with the Butlermakers to be kind to SMU and only 17,000 appeared at the 75,000-capacity Cotton Bowl to watch Purdue's Bob Griese and company commit legal murder. Griese threw for two first-half scores, and SMU seemed destined for more of the same when Mustang linebacker Jerry Griffin started "reading" the Purdue offense, calling quick check-off defensive signals at the line and tackling. And he read it pretty well, making 13 tackles in all, as the Butlermakers were held scoreless in the second half. Meanwhile

Quarterback Mac White all but laid Purdue to rest. He threw two touchdown passes as SMU punters screamed, "To hell with No. 1," and led a final drive that fell short as Dennis Pardee's field goal attempt with 21 seconds left was blocked. The score: a satisfying (for SMU) 14-14 tie.

Indiana, a three-touchdown underdog, gave Texas ties for almost two quarters before succumbing 27-12 to what is becoming a diversified Longhorn attack. Texas scored on four long drives (the shortest was 66 yards) and rested Linebacker Tommy Nobis and his defensive wrecking crew much of the time in anticipation of next week's annual bloodbath with Oklahoma.

ARKANSAS Defensive Coach Jim Mackenzie, who supervised an instant videotape rerun session, was asked how things went against TCU. "Not a far test," he answered. "The team did nothing wrong." The Frogs would concur. They were beaten 28-0 as Harry Jones and Bob Burnett scored two touchdowns apiece in Arkansas' 15th straight victory.

DOWN TO TEXAS A&M 10-0, TEXAS TECH Coach J. T. King studied some videotape of his own, threw out half his team's offense, then used just nine plays, one a pass-lateral, to win a tense 20-16 thriller. After the Aggies had gone ahead with 1:35 left, Tech Quarterback Tom Wilson faded back and hit Jerry Shipley on the A&M 42. Shipley, crossing paths with Donny Anderson, shoved the ball to his All-America teammate who dived in for the winning touchdown with 67 seconds left.

Scotty Gladden's four first-half touchdown passes were all unbeaten DUKE needed to put down Rice 41-21. WEST TEXAS STATE defeated Arizona State 22-14, and slumbering LOUISVILLE awoke and scored three touchdowns in the second half for a 29-21 win over North Texas State.

THE MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (3-0)
2. PURDUE (2-0-1) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (3-0)

Rarely had the Big Ten looked as sad. When GEORGIA beat Michigan 15-7 (page 26) and SMU tied PURDUE, the conference was left with only one undefeated and untied team—MICHIGAN STATE—and in the next three weeks it has the best of its chagrined competitors to face. How well it fares may depend upon how successful Coach Duffy Daugherty is in turning the competition down the wrong trail. He tried, half seriously, to fool Illinois by complaining before their game, "We haven't really exploited our passing yet." What Daugherty really planned to do was to hit the Illini's sophomore ends hard and run inside and outside them. State followed his directions, but only after Fred Backlund Jim Grabowski and Quarterback Fred Custardo had Illinois ahead 10-3. Then Halfback Clinton Jones ran 13 yards

for a touchdown. Fullback Bob Agria hammered 10 for another and the Spartans had a 13-12 lead. And just to show that State could exploit its passing, Quarterback Steve Jaday threw a short one to End Gene Washington to bring the final score to 21-12.

Two other Big Ten teams went down hard. For a while, though, Northwestern must have thought it was still playing for Ara Parseghian. The Wildcats led NOTRE DAME 7-6 late in the third quarter and they began to have grand illusions. Then, in quick order, Safety Nick Rausan intercepted a pass and ran it back 92 yards for a touchdown, Ken Ivins kicked a 23-yard field goal and Rausan, on the loose again, returned a punt 72 yards. Northwestern lost 38-7. Minnesota lost, too, but it was never in the game with MISSOURI. The harden Tigers pounded the slumpy Gopher defense for 324 yards with a devastating ground game. Quarterback Gary Lane scored twice on runs, set up a field goal with another, and Missouri won 17-6. "We didn't play too well," observed Minnesota's Murray Warmath.

Everybody expected the bombing to be fearsome when WISCONSIN's Chuck Hurt and Iowa's Gary Snook, two of the nation's best passers, got together at Madison. It was more like a spent Chinese firecracker—until Wust hit End Louis Jung with a 42-yarder in the final moments that won for underdog Wisconsin 16-13.

Matters were more stable in the Big Eight, where the best were winning and the worst were not. NEBRASKA, the team with the most of everything, showed what it was like to have two big-league quarterbacks. When Bob Churchich had trouble moving the Huskers against Iowa State, Fred Duda came in to throw two touchdown passes, scored himself on a keeper play and Nebraska overwhelmed the Cyclones 44-0. COLORADO had an easy time with Kansas State, winning 36-0 as Willie Harris slashed the Wildcats and Frank Rogers kicked three field goals. OKLAHOMA STATE brazenly dared Tulsa to run by abandoning its wide-tackle six defense for a 4-3-4 and the Hurricanes simply were not up to it. Billy Anderson's passing bothered the Cowboys, but they finally upset Tulsa 17-14 on the last of Charley Durkee's three field goals.

Oklahoma was still having a hard life; this time the culprit was NAVY, which went after the green Sooners with a wide-open game. Halfback Terry Murray ran the Oklahoma ends weary. Quarterbacks John Cartwright and Bruce Bickel fired away for 218 yards on 12 pass completions and the Midgies took the game 10-0.

THE EAST

1. SYRACUSE (2-1) 2. ARMY (2-1) 3. NAVY (1-1-1)

Just about everybody at Boston College, including Coach Jim Miller, thought the Ea-

gles could beat ARMY. They had heard about the Cadets' seemingly inoffensive offense, certainly not a thing to worry their big linemen. And if they respected Army's defense, they admired their own good young backs more. BC was wrong on both counts. Nick Kurliko's booming punts and a furious charge, led by End Tom Schwartz and Linebacker Townsend Clarke, who ranged fiercely from sideline to sideline, permitted BC entry into Army territory only twice and never beyond the Cadet 47. But still Army needed two breaks to score. In the second half an Eagle fumble on the 22 set up a 32-yard field goal by Harry Nickerson. Later Joe DiVito's rushed punt (it went only 18 yards) gave Army the ball on the BC 30. Quarterback Curt Cook, in for ailing Fred Barofsky, threw a 12-yard pass to End Sam Champ, and the Cadets won 10-0. "That Army defense," said Miller admiringly "Boy, they just never let up, do they?"

It looked like Penn State was going to get Coach Rip Engle his 100th victory when sophomore Roger Grimes bulled in for a score against UCLA in the first quarter. Then the Lions began to fumble and bumble. They gave the ball away four times on fumbles and interceptions, and when UCLA sophomore Quarterback Gary Beban rolled out on options he caught the Penn State right end dropping off. He simply ran around the end for two touchdowns. When Beban caught the Lion linebackers plugging inside, he went to a quick count and Mel Farr slipped outside tackle and raced 58 yards. The Bruins led 24-7 before Penn State woke up. Quarterback Chuck White passed 17 yards to End Bill Huber for a touchdown and ran four yards for another. But it was too late. UCLA won 24-22.

While most of the favorites everywhere else were acting like dying swans, life in the cloyed Ivy League was surprisingly normal. PRINCETON clobbered Columbia 31-0 as Tailback Ron Lundek ran and passed for 283 yards and scored twice. DARTMOUTH allowed Holy Cross a 6-0 lead, but Quarterback Mickey Beard rallied the Indians and they won 27-6. CORNELL and HARVARD, the other contenders, also won. The Big Red trampled Lehigh 49-13, and Fullback Tom Chwenkiele led Harvard past Tufts 33-0. Yale, as expected, lost to COLGATE 7-0, but not until the very last minute, while PENN., on the rise under new Coach Bob Ddell, took its second game, over Brown 7-0.

Massachusetts did not think it could lose to BUFFALO, but the Redmen did. 18-6. Temple, too, was upset again. BROWN v. Quarterback Bob Kobus threw a touchdown pass and scored one himself as the Terriers won 14-7. RUTGERS stopped Connecticut's throwing game with three interceptions, all by Lou Tepper, and used its own passes to score twice, winning 17-8 for its first victory.

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

THE SOUTH 1. GEORGIA (3-0) 2. KENTUCKY (2-1) 3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (3-0)

Faster than a bulldog can tree a wildcat, the settled affairs of the Southeastern Conference race were put in turmoil. LSU and Kentucky, two most likely to succeed, were upset by Florida and Auburn, leaving Georgia and Mississippi State the only unbeaten and untied teams. And, the way things are going, almost no one would bet they would not be beaten, too, before very long.

FLORIDA'S Steve Spurrier, a lanky junior quarterback, caught LSU with its usually

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Quarterback Allen McCune of West Virginia passed Pat Dwyer in the duznet game in years. He completed 18 of 25 passes, including touchdown throws of 72, 14, 17, 15 and 59 yards, and ran one yard for another score.

THE LINEMAN: Army's Townsend Clark, a 210-pound linebacker, keyed on and cornered Brendan McCarthy, Boston College's superlative sophomore. He was in on 19 tackles and intercepted a pass in the Cadets' 10-0 victory.

sturdy defenses sagging and peppered the Bengals unmercifully with passes. One of them went to Hallback Dick Trapp for a touchdown and four others set up a one-yard scoring blast by John Feber. Floundering LSU made things easier by fumbling twice inside the Gator five-yard line as Florida beat the Bengals 14-7.

What ALABAMA'S Shug Jordan likes best is a rough, tough line that grinds opposing backs into the turf. Last Saturday his Tigers treated Kentucky's runners shamefully, holding them to a mere 90 yards. Rick Norton got away from the Auburn rush long enough to throw three scoring bombs—for 76, 74 and 44 yards—to Bob Windsor and Larry Seiple, but they were not enough. Quarterback Tom Bryan, running and passing beautifully, took Auburn on three long touchdown drives. Ben McDavis kicked a 40-yard field goal and the Tigers won the game 23-18.

It looked like one of those nights for ALABAMA, too, when Mississippi led the Tide 16-7 in the last quarter. But Bear Bryant's boys inched up relentlessly on Ole Miss. David Ray kicked a 37-yard field goal. Quarterback Steve Sloan ran nine yards for the tying touchdown with 1:19 to go and Ray's extra point won it 17-16.

MISSISSIPPI STATE had much easier going. The Maroons swamped Tampa 48-7. TULANE, battered by Texas and Alabama, caught Miami 24-16 on Quarterback Bobby Dixon's 71-yard pass to Latis O'Steen. Two other Southern independents were luckier than Miami. Baylor, unhappily, lost Terry Southall, its star passer, with a broken ankle early in the game, and FLORIDA STATE finally

continued

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overtook the weakened Bears 9-7 on Ed Pritchett's 49-yard pass to Flanker T. K. Weatherall. GEORGIA TECH routed previously unbeaten Clemson 38-6.

The second time SYRACUSE got the ball against Maryland, Halfback Floyd Little broke over tackle and ran 72 yards for a touchdown. That was the beginning of a bleak afternoon for the ambitious Terps. Before it ended, and despite some wanton use of muscle by Maryland, Little ran for 152 yards and two more scores as Syracuse won 24-7.

Only seeing the West Virginia-Pitt game was believing it. Thousands of horns set up a frightful din, especially when Pitt had the ball, footballs flew through the air like missiles, fists thudded against bodies and the last thing anyone bothered to do was play defense. When it was all over, the two teams had scored 16 touchdowns and gained 1,071 yards. West Virginia Quarterback Allen McCune threw five touchdown passes and Halfback Garrett Ford rushed for 192 yards and three scores. Pitt Quarterback Kenny Lucas passed for two touchdowns and Halfback Eric Crabtree scored three times on long gains. Oh yes, WEST VIRGINIA won 63-48. Said Pitt's John Michelosen sadly, "The defenses just went to pot."

THE WEST 1. USC (2-0-1) 2. OREGON (3-0) 3. STANFORD (2-0-1)

Woody Hayes must be getting weary of losing to nonconference foes. At least it looked that way when OHIO STATE played Washington. Hayes went back to his old smashing game and the head knocking was fierce as the Bucks hammered away with the Huskies until, with 59 seconds to play, Bob Funk kicked a 27-yard field goal to win for Ohio State 23-21. Earlier, Washington had blown a chance to put the game out of reach. In field-goal position, Coach Jim Owens could

not get Kicker Ron Medved into the game because he had already sent in two substitutes. So Dave Williams kicked from the 25 and missed.

USC's Johnny McKay may have been upset when Oregon State got off to a 12-0 lead, but he wasn't for long. Mike Garrett, the best Trojan runner of them all, took personal charge of the game, tore away from the frantically grabbing Beavers for 172 yards, scored three times and USC won 26-12. "Our game plan involved the containment of Garrett," explained Oregon State's Dee Andros later. "But the only hope is to gang tackle him and pray you hem him in a little." Garrett, as Andros could plainly see, does not hem easily.

Brigham Young never had a chance against OREGON. Coach Len Casanova alternated his junior quarterbacks, Tom Trovato and Mike Brundage, and they each completed 10 passes as the Webfoots romped for 29 first downs, 477 yards and a 27-14 victory. Plucky Air Force almost had STANFORD. The Falcons rushed to a 14-7 edge but then lost it 17-16, when Stanford Quarterback Dave Lewis led the Indians on a 92-yard touchdown drive and Terry De Sylva kicked a 29-yard field goal with 22 seconds to play. CALIFORNIA finally won one, beating Kansas 17-0, but Washington State, a surprise team, lost for the first time. WASHO stopped the Cougars 17-13.

The big showdown came early in the Western AC, and it was no contest. Wyoming plucked off Arizona's escape routes with a mean defense, held the ball for 81 plays and beat the Wildcats 19-0. Sophomore Jerry DePoyner's 49-yard field goal opened the Cowboy scoring in the third quarter and Quarterback Tom Wilkinson did the rest. He found the gaps in Arizona's usually reliable defense and completed 12 of 19 passes for 171 yards and a touchdown.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

USC OVER WASHINGTON Quick USC will run through the suddenly porous Huskies.

OREGON OVER STANFORD The Indians make many mistakes, Oregon makes fewer.

SYRACUSE OVER UCLA UCLA is not quite up to holding Syracuse's regrouped forces.

UTAH OVER UTAH The Cowboys attack ferociously and yield grudgingly.

PENN STATE OVER BOSTON COLLEGE The slumbering Lions show signs of awakening.

PRECTOR OVER CORNELL Gogolak's kicking can make the difference if it is close.

FLORIDA OVER MISSISSIPPI Spurrier gives the Gators the advantage in an even game.

KENTUCKY OVER FLORIDA STATE Both are ambitious, but the Wildcats are talented too.

LSU OVER MIAMI (FLA) Even if the Hurricanes are testy, LSU defends better.

DUKE OVER MTT In a high-scoring game, a slender edge to the Blue Devils.

ARKANSAS OVER RAYLON The Bears have been seriously weakened by injuries.

TEXAS TECH OVER TCU Texas stopped Dotson Anderson, but TCU is not Texas.

PORCUPES OVER IOWA Grisee over Snook in a battle of outstanding passers.

MICHIGAN STATE OVER MICHIGAN No matter which team wins, it will not be an upset.

OHIO STATE OVER ILLINOIS The Buckeyes are ready now for Big Ten opponents.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

3 RIGHT, 8 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 10-2-5

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Few if any hunters ever have been butted to death by a bighorn sheep. Despite this seemingly encouraging fact, the bighorn is generally considered the most challenging trophy in North America. This is less because of what it is than of where it goes—up cliff, down canyon, sometimes almost in air. Even on a well-organized trip the bighorn is hard to get. Given a drunken guide, a mountain full of snappish rattlesnakes and some fairly tender feet—well, such an adventure can become pretty hairy, as this diary of a week in Idaho's Primitive Area painfully reveals.

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

THE LITTLE BATTLE OF THE BIGHORN



john ewald

THURSDAY. The moment I met our outfitter in Boise last night I knew that this was not going to be an ordinary hunt. At least, there is nothing ordinary about Curley. When he finally showed up at my hotel he was 24 hours late and 100 proof. In flowing singlets, skunktail Levi's and high heels he looked like a Beale trying out for Bonanza.

The other hunters—five men from Phoenix—were even more dismayed. Curley, it seems, had neglected to tell them that there would be six in their party instead of five, or that the extra hunter was female. They sat at the hotel bar looking shell-shocked as Curley gave instructions for our departure this morning, chug-a-lugged a double, charged it to my hotel bill and left. They looked even worse when we staggered out of rubber rafts this afternoon, after seven terrifying hours on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. The Arizonians had a good reason for their glassy-eyed expressions this time, too.

Even those intrepid adventurers Lewis and Clark were intimidated by the fury of the Salmon. They took one look at that much white water and wrote the river off as impossible. The Indians had had more experience and were more specific: they named it the River of No Return. That was before some idiot—doubtless a sheep hunter—thought of floating down the Middle Fork in an oversized inner tube. Unfortunately for us, that is the only way into this part of the Idaho Primitive Area.

The men are friendlier now, after our mutual brush with a watery eternity. We are all huddled at the edge of the river in a place called Box Canyon. It is aptly named. The canyon walls rise vertically from the water, and shore is nothing more than a rock pile. Camp is 3,500 feet straight up which, to my relief, is 3,500 feet farther than we can get tonight. Most of our provisions are already up there, so dinner consisted of canned beans, bread and coffee.

My sleeping bag, I discovered after scooting through several strange bed-rolls, is also on top of the mountain. I have made a nest of life vests in the bottom of the raft, but it is going to be a

long, cold night. Curley has helped some by sending his Labrador, Rogue, over to keep me warm.

FRIDAY. Started the climb up at 7:10, and the mountain sheep can have it. We all carried backpacks, and today I was glad my sleeping bag had gone ahead. The only way to conquer a mountain like this is not to look back (too dizzying) and not to look ahead (too depressing). I made it into camp with the last troops in 3½ hours. The rest of the party followed in various stages of collapse.

Camp is a mess. If any preparations for our arrival were made they were purely accidental. Curley's "professional guides" are five teen-agers, and my guess is that any one of us knows more about sheep hunting than they do.

The larder is strewn haphazardly about and is smaller than my weekly supermarket load. Most of the cans look suspiciously like chili beans and Spam. Considering the \$100 a day Curley is charging each of us for this hunt, he will not lose money on the cuisine.

Worse news, there is no water. All our water will have to be hauled up that impossible mountain from the river. A five-gallon vat weighs 40 pounds, so I suspect the water shortage is permanent. Thank heaven for Chanel.

Spent the rest of the day scouting the peaks above camp with Bill and Dan. The mountains average about 9,000 feet, and the scenery is spectacular. Centuries of erosion have garishly decorated the canyon walls and piled tons of crumbling rock into precarious shale towers. Far below, the river cuts through great, gray walls of granite. In places clouds sit like pillows on mattresses of dried, brown meadows. There is no sign of life anywhere.

The absence of game is disappointing, but the absence of game sign—new or old—is even more discouraging. We came across two of the natural licks Curley talked about in his letters. They turned out to be ancient game department salt drops. Curley had also written us about spotting a band of more than 200 sheep on this very mountain. They must be the only housebroken sheep in

Idaho, because they have certainly left the countryside clean.

SATURDAY. My bedfellow, Rogue, was bitten by a rattlesnake today while going for water with two of the boys. The dog is about halfway down the mountain and apparently in bad shape. The boys radioed out from the river for serum. Traveling in this country without serum is like crossing the Sahara without water. The wind is so strong that our expected airdrop will not be possible this evening.

This mountain is loaded with snakes. Besides the rattler that got Rogue and another one the boys killed closer to the river, Bill and Dan each killed one on the saddle above camp, and Curley almost stepped on one. He was pounding it with a rock not six feet ahead of me when Bill let out a yell right behind me. Bill threw off his pack and started hopping on one foot. A rattler had struck him in the boot. The snake's fangs did not go through the leather, but Bill still looks sick to his stomach.

We all feel a little green. For two days Curley has been telling us not to worry about snakes because they will always warn us by rattling before striking. So far not one of the snakes has done so. We are also trying to figure out why there is no serum in camp, since this obviously is Rattlesnake Ridge.

The mountains southeast of here are just as rugged. Curley, Bud and I explored a few today that even the goats want no part of. I have gone up, down and over some tricky peaks from the Alaska Range to the Elburz, but these are wicked. We climbed walls that no sensible mountaineer would attempt without equipment, and once we crossed around an overhang on a ledge that was barely two inches wide. Slipping on this one did not mean a broken leg, it meant a free fall of about 2,000 feet.

Bud had a particularly rough day of it. He has not complained, but he seemed to be in pain and kept rubbing his knees. Curley did not make things any easier for him. Every time Bud slowed up or his hat rubbed against a bush, Curley stopped and scowled. Since we could

Continued

have climbed these mountains with a brass band and disturbed nothing, his point was lost. Bud finally gave up and headed in. For all the game sign we saw, we should have done the same.

SUNDAY. No word today about the dog. The airdrop finally was made this morning. The wind was stronger than yesterday, and the pilot had a hard time getting in between the peaks. Besides serum, he also dropped some canned food—more Spam and beans.

Bob and Bud took off before noon for the ridge north of us. It looks within shouting distance but, like all the ridges around here, is separated from us by a 2,000-foot canyon. They took along one of the teen-agers, who held them up half the morning while he crawled around on his hands and knees looking for his contact lenses. The boy then insisted on taking his own rifle. It seems he has a sheep permit, too. At least he was willing to carry his own gear.

Spent the morning glassing the Bighorn Crags east of here. I have never seen country so devoid of life. Not even a bird flies by. There is virtually no food anywhere, and water is at a premium on all these mountains. We did spot two goats on a distant peak. They probably wandered there by mistake. To date we have sighted one elderly ewe, which was doubtless too feeble to seek greener pastures, two goats and seven snakes.

Surprised a four-foot rattlesnake 100 yards from camp. I am now concentrating so hard on snakes that I probably would not notice a sheep if one turned up in our stew. The Arizonans think the reason the snakes are not rattling is that they are shedding their skins. This also makes them strike at any sound. I feel as if I am playing reptilian roulette.

Curley is still talking about those 200 sheep (at least he thinks big). At noon he decided they must have moved south and that we should follow. Three hours and multiple confusions later, we have now collapsed in the bottom of the canyon behind Rattlesnake Ridge. The stock of my rifle is ruined, and most of the seat of my pants is up yonder somewhere. We are going to siwash here tonight and attack the south mountain in the morning. It is about 4,500 feet straight up and looks more formidable than the one we just came down.

Fortunately, the trip down was not a total loss, because a beautiful, bubbling

brook runs through this otherwise miserable canyon. Water never tasted so good. Now for a bowl of bean soup, a codem pill and a soft rock.

MONDAY. Assaulted K-2 this morning. Started at 5:30 and took 5½ hours to reach the summit. No flags, so guess this is one Sir Edmund Hillary passed up. Crossed three tracks, period. These ran out almost before they began and looked very old.

While we were glassing on top we heard seven shots from across the canyon. Both Bob and Bud should have sheep with that much shooting.

Ran into two bad rockslides on the way down and thought the mountain was coming with us. Then we hit a burn of rotten timber and brush that was thicker than an Alaskan alder patch and unfit for a bear. Made it back to the canyon bleeding from all pores.

Got back to camp after dark, and the news was all bad. The Labrador, Rogue, died the day he was bitten, before the serum arrived. The snakes were worse, a coyote was prowling about, the water was gone, we were down to our last Spam and the temperature was dropping fast. To top everything, those sheep we thought Bob and Bud had fired at turned out to be a single fool hen.

Curley had a tantrum. The rough day or the news about the dog may have set him off but, whatever the spark, Curley exploded. Bottle in hand, he stomped through camp screaming at us, kicking at the pot of beans and cursing the bad luck that was deliberately hounding him. Everything was wrong. The sheep had not cooperated. The boys had not cooperated. The weather had not cooperated. Presumably the food and water had not cooperated by failing to transport themselves up the mountainside. Suddenly he whipped out his revolver and began firing into the air. I ducked behind a log, as hunters and high-schoolers disappeared into the darkness. Shots echoed and ricocheted across the canyon, and in the flickering campfire Curley looked like the last of the Bad Men.

When the action faded we crawled from our foxholes and held counsel. There was not much point in staying longer on this mountain. From what we could see of the other side of the river it looked like a more logical place to spend what time we had left. Moving camp on foot would take at least two days, but

with a helicopter we could do it in a few hours. We decided, in spite of the cost (\$125 an hour), to radio out this morning for a chopper.

TUESDAY. Unfortunately, we have given up hope of getting out today. It began storming at 8, and the ceiling is somewhere below us. The bad weather is almost a relief, because I could not have faced scaling another mountain today. Bud's knees have gotten worse. They are now swollen to twice their size, and he can barely walk. Rain is pouring in streams from the peaks above, and our campsite looks like a reservoir. The last of the coffee just sopped through its container, and what was left of the bread floated away an hour ago.

The storm seems to have stirred up all sorts of activity. There were two goats on our back ridge at noon, an hour later the boys spotted 12 sheep across the river (now we are sure we are on the wrong side) and the grandfather rattler of all times—10 bottoms—turned up on my personal path into the wilderness. These are the moments when privacy hardly seems worth the price!

WEDNESDAY. Made the best of yesterday afternoon by watching the sheep on the other side of the river until dark. By the time we got back to camp Curley had finished off everybody's liquor. He was in quite a state about snakes and threatened all kinds of reprisals if we say one word about them when we get out. Eventually he fell asleep.

Curley was still snoring at 8:30 this morning, when we heard the first roar of the helicopter coming down the canyon. We grabbed as much gear as we could carry and charged to the knob above camp. The ceiling was still minus zero, and visibility was less. The chopper circled in the fog for almost an hour, at times sounding so close that we actually ducked. The noise finally awakened Curley, who ran up the ridge yelling, "Fire! Fire!" We were not sure whether the camp had gone up in flames or he wanted the copter shot down in same. Just then a break opened in the fog, the pilot spotted us, and the copter sideslipped onto the knob.

Lyle, the party's trophy hunter, was determined to find his trophy on that side of the river, so he and one of the harder teen-agers stayed behind. The chopper made five trips to get the rest

continued

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of us and our gear across. We could not see more than 25 feet in any direction, and once the rotors clipped the top off a pine tree. I made the hop with Bud, who continued on out because his knees have gotten still worse. He was also having trouble with an ulcer that was responding to Spam and beans.

With only one day of the hunt left for me, Curley decided we could cover more ground by hunting toward one another from opposite mountains. He dropped me about three miles south of the new camp and went on with the chopper.

About a century ago a band of outlaw Indians, who called themselves the Sheepstealers, are supposed to have hidden out here and hunted these peaks. They managed to keep one jump ahead of U.S. troops for years and in their spare time collected the scalps of a respectable assortment of soldiers, settlers and, presumably, sheep.

It is hard to believe that the front that fashioned this canyon thousands of years ago could create two sides of a river so different. Here, at the same altitude we hunted this past week (6,500 to 9,000 feet), the meadows are green, bright patches of wild flowers grow in the rocks and there are tall trees and an abundance of food and cover for game. This is obviously the side of the river we should have been on from the start. It is infuriating to realize that we had worked so hard and were so close the whole time. There is game sign everywhere here, and tracks and trails at every step.

Around 3:30 one of the pinkish rocks I had been watching turned into a sheep. As it rose lazily to its feet and moved across a distant meadow, I could see that it was a ewe. I was still watching her when one of the teen-agers whistled from the next ridge. I asked what had happened to Curley. He shrugged and said, "You know."

Too late, I did. Along with steaks, which we had ordered over Curley's numbed protests, the helicopter had also brought in a fresh supply of liquor. The reason for the separate hunts was all too clear. By the time I had reached camp around 6, Curley had finished off half a fifth of vodka and half a fifth of bourbon. Astonishingly, he apparently chased these with Scotch.

I said, "What did the helicopter do, bring open bottles?"



"He looked blank and said, 'Guess Bob, Bill and Dan came back.'"

I told him about a bunch of sheep we had seen crossing the back ridge just as we approached camp. In the fading light we had not been able to tell their sex. Nonchalantly Curley told us they had been there the whole afternoon.

"All rams, too," he added. "Too bad you missed them." I counted to 10, but it was an effort to remain a lady.

At least the new camp is great. There is a stream not 15 yards away, berries and stunted peach trees grow nearby, trees provide a windbreak and we even have a genuine log lean-to. A hermit, who once lived on the river below, built it as his summer retreat.

The others came in shortly after I did, looking happier than they have all week. They had seen more than 50 elk and apparently ran into the same bunch of sheep we saw. They looked the sheep over for almost an hour before deciding their horns were illegal.

Bill spotted the half-empty liquor bottles first and said, "What did the helicopter do, bring open bottles?" Curley was already asleep by then.

THURSDAY. Nobody told me how that old hermit died, but it was probably getting back to winter quarters. Our dawn trip down to the river was Pearl White

all the way. Twice we were on ledges that literally disintegrated under our feet. Half a dozen times we started slides that came close to taking us and the mountain with them. Just when we thought the worst was over the ground turned into a perpendicular wall as slick as a sleet-covered street in January. We were rock-rimmed. There was no way back up, and it looked like the only way down was by parachute.

Curley dug through his backpack and came up with an assortment of nylon and hemp rope that, like him, showed signs of wear. He knotted them together and anchored one end to an insecure-looking crag. To his credit, he did not ask us to test it by going first.

When finally Curley reached footing below, I pulled the rope back up and lowered the packs and rifles. Then it was my turn. I said a prayer, took a deep breath and pressed my feet against the wall, as Curley had done, to brake my descent. Slowly I slid down the rope, closing my eyes each time I came to one of those ragged knots.

Lyle and the teen-ager Gerry were waiting for us at the river. They want us to drop them off in another hunting area on our way out. The run from here downriver is about three hours. From there it is another 60 miles by truck to the town of Salmon (pop. 2,648),

continued

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BIGHORN SHEEP *continued*

where we will pick up Bud and a plane to take us back to civilization.

STILL THURSDAY, 10:30 A.M. Hallelujah! I have a ram! I am sitting here, grinning like an idiot and pinching myself to make sure it is true.

We had not been on the river more than 30 minutes when Curley yelled, "Sheep!" Then he shouted, "Rams!" and everything happened at once. Suddenly I saw them on the rocks above shore—10 sheep, standing regal and still, like a tableau in granite. They were the color of stone.

Somehow I found my rifle under the tarp, got it out of its case, hoisted a shell into the chamber and pointed it toward the shore. My scope was on four-power, and all I could see was a blur. The raft careened out of one rapid into another, throwing me to the bottom. My knee was in somebody's lap, and somebody else had a hoot on my back. Just as I located one of the rams in the scope the raft hit shore and jolted to a stop on the rocks. One of the ours snapped back and hit me in the head. The sheep leaped into the air and galloped en masse up a cliff.

Half in, half out of the boat, I swung the scope on a ram, swung another ram and a half ahead of him and fired. It was a perfect skeet shot. Curley yelled, "You got him, baby!" The sheep went down, rolled over once and lay still.

Lyle was still shooting at the other rams, and Gerry was screaming for more ammunition. I shoved my rifle with its two remaining shells at him. He fired again and hit one of the rams far back. It ran part way up the cliff, slowed, then stopped, swaying on the edge. I yelled, "Don't shoot, he's down!" just as Gerry fired again. The bullet smashed into the rocks. The sheep pitched forward, turned full circle in the air and plunged to the rocks below. Lyle was halfway up the mountain by this time, after the remaining ram. It is amazing that anything was still moving after all the shooting, but his sheep obviously was. I grabbed my rifle from Gerry and started up. There were three more shots from above, and he yelled, "Bingo!"

I climbed to where my ram lay. He was beautiful—not a record, but his horns seemed absolutely symmetrical and perfectly formed. Even the sight of Curley climbing toward me did not spoil the elation of the moment.

END

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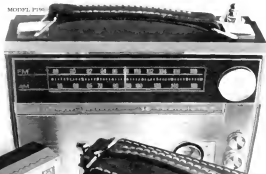
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"It's more fun than stealing buses," said Maury Wills, as he donned a red-and-white-striped vest, picked up a five-string banjo and joined a Dixieland band (below) in St. Louis' Gaslight Square just before heading home to Los Angeles and leading the Dodgers to the pennant. "Maybe if playing the banjo was my primary job stealing buses would be more fun. Sometimes I go out to a banjo place in whatever town we're playing and then hurry back to the hotel." The Dodger captain, who insists he is no banjo hitter, says he may make a tour after the World Series.

Former U.S. Treasurer Irv Baker Priest, visiting Miller Park in Sacramento, Calif., took a cut from George Washington and tried to throw a silver dollar across the 245-foot-wide Sacramento River. The coin went less than a quarter of the way and plopped into the water. "I did this to show that a dollar doesn't go as far as it used to," said Mrs. Priest.

It is not the salary they pay Chico Vaughn that bothers the St. Louis Hawks so much as his bill for footwear. Vaughn is pigeon-toed and the screeching stops he makes on the basket-

ball court put a severe strain on his shoes. He wears out one pair of \$10 shoes about every three days, or 75 pairs—\$750 worth—every season. The Hawks are hoping an orthopedic specialist can straighten out Chico's feet and the team budget at the same time.

Braumeister August A. Busch Jr., owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, in Dallas to receive the Wine and Spirits Guild of America's achievement award, explained how he stays trim despite putting away 15 glasses of beer a day. "I walk about 50 miles a week touring our plants. Besides, beer does not make you fat." Gussie also said he will soon open a public garden at his brewery in Houston, featuring an aviary with trained macaws and perhaps a cardinal or two. It is bound to be a popular place in humid Houston—admission and beer will both be free.

It was back to college for an old Army halfback, Dwight D. Eisenhower. On hand to officiate at the opening of Gettysburg College's \$250,000 Musselman Stadium, he was introduced as "Coach Eisenhower" and completed a pass to Cheerleader

Cheryl Keim, who had to make a shoestring catch. Earlier, near Seneca Falls, N.Y., he was the main speaker at ground-breaking ceremonies for Eisenhower College, which will open in September 1967. Comedian Bob Hope was there, too, and could not resist a wisecrack: "When I asked me to come to a ground breaking I thought he meant a game of golf."

When Mike Henry quit football to become the new Tarzan one of his coaches on the Los Angeles Rams commented snidely: "No middle linebacker would be much good anyway worrying about his profile." Tarzan, Henry might have had it easier knocking heads with NFL fullbacks. In Rio for the filming of the latest ape-man epic, Tarzan was doublecrossed by his chimpanzee pal, Cheeta. Instead of kissing Henry for the cameras, the chimp bit him on the shin, delaying the movie 10 days, while Henry, 18 stitches in his manly profile, recuperated in his hotel room.

The La Jolla (Calif.) Rough Water Swim has been held every year since 1916, and the event's undisputed booby-prize king is Max Miller, 66, author of *I Cover the Waterfront* and more than 20 other books. A heart attack kept him out of the race last year, but up to then he had entered 31 times and finished last 31 times, a tradition he started long ago to prevent anyone else from being embarrassed. This year, fully recovered, he reclaimed last place, swimming the mile distance as a friend carrying nitroglycerin pills accompanied him on a paddleboard just in case.

It was so chilly when Jimmy Demaret and Sammy Sosa met in a televised golf match at Colorado Springs that Sosa wore his pajama pants under his slacks, as well as the usual hat covering his bald head. But the frigid weather did not seem to bother one interested spectator

—Lieut. General James Donahue, leader of the famous World War II raid on Tokyo. "The general walked the entire 18 holes with us in 32° weather," said Demaret, "and he isn't even a golfer."

Angling conditions on the Spey River in Scotland were not supposed to be good, but you could not prove it by Great Britain's Prince Charles. On his first day out he killed four salmon, including one weighing 18 pounds, and added three more the second day. At the Footabers Hotel, where the fishing prince spent the night, a member of the staff said, "It's not been a particularly good season. As far as we know Prince Charles bagged the best catch up here for some time."

The mischievous mastermind at the controls of the Astrodom's huge and complex scoreboard is Bill Giles, son of National League President Warren Giles. Earlier this season, when Umpire John Kibler made the second controversial call against the Houston Astros in a single series, publicity man Giles flashed a message on the scoreboard: KIBLER DID IT AGAIN. This brought a scolding phone call from his father, who was not at all amused. Last week young Giles became the father of his third son, and he passed out cigars labeled: "Giles—not Kibler—did it again."

The world's juttier welterweight champion, Carlos (Morochito) Hernandez, seems to be a swinger in or out of the ring. Once he drove his manager's Cadillac into a wall and another time was arrested for disorderly conduct late at night the told police he was on his way to an orphanage to visit a friend). Now comes the latest Caracas escapade: a quick KO over young television model Gisela Socorro Fernandez. Hernandez fractured her jaw with a right-hand punch because, he said, she was disrespectful.





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The Spanish discover golf and its Player

With the skyline of Madrid as a backdrop and a Civil War battlefield to compete on, South Africa's Gary Player overcame a sore neck and the world's best golf teams to lead his country to its first Canada Cup triumph

There is about the same demand for a golf tournament in Madrid as there would be for a bullfight in Brooklyn. More is the pity, for the 7,096-yard course of the Club de Campo is one of the loveliest ones on which man ever sliced a ball out of bounds. From almost any hole you can look across a shallow valley to the city and its majestic Moorish architecture. There is dramatic history here, too, for it was on the hills of Campo that the Loyalist forces made one of their last stands against the besieging Nationalists of General Franco during the final stages of the Civil War. Alongside the 6th fairway is a crumbling stone wall no more than four or five feet high that still bears the artillery wounds of the attackers and the holes through which the defenders fired their rifles, a silent reminder of a grimmer day.

Golf in Spain is a rich man's sport for fairly obvious reasons. The annual dues for those who would play at Club de Campo, one of Madrid's two courses, run around \$1,600 a year. So only the rich and the caddies ever get the feel of its fairways underfoot. But thanks to the

presence of such international celebrities as Gary Player, America's team of Jack Nicklaus and Tony Lema, and a couple of local heroes named Ramon Sota and Angel Miguel, both former caddies, the crowd that showed up at the Club de Campo last week to see the 13th Canada Cup matches was large—9,000 on the final day. Their manners and their clothes bespoke their background. Their applause, while sincere, was in well-bred decibels, and they were, without any contest, the best-dressed gallery that ever graced a golf tournament. Every stomach looked as if it had been prepared in the establishments of Savile Row and the salons of Paris.

The number, if not necessarily the quality, of the teams in the Canada Cup matches keeps creeping upward, and this year the total reached 37 with the addition of Monaco, Morocco and Czechoslovakia. Golf is about as popular as capitalism behind the Iron Curtain, but somehow a couple of Czechs named J. Dvorak and M. Plodek managed to lay their hands on some clubs and balls and find their way to Madrid under the es-

cort of a "nonplaying captain." Dvorak started off with rounds of 88-93, while Plodek was shooting 95-97 on a course that was not quite that hard, so it appears that the West does not have to worry about a golf gap for some years to come. Since so few of the countries that compete for the Canada Cup have any chance of winning, there was applause for the Czechs for just showing up—which is the attitude Canada Cup officials want to inspire.

It seemed for a while as if the Americans were expecting to give the Czechs a good run for the booby prize. Nicklaus had caught himself a wicked sore throat during the previous fortnight, and had gone home to Columbus, Ohio to nurse it on his way to Spain. On the Tuesday morning before the matches were to begin, Tournament Director Fred Corcoran went to the airport to meet Jack's flight, but no Nicklaus arrived. Jack finally got in on Wednesday, barely in time for a single practice round, explaining to Corcoran it had been "touch and go" whether he would get there at all.

"Touch and go?" Corcoran repeated

continued

after him. "Well, with me it would have been touch and jump if you hadn't."

It was immediately apparent that Nicklaus was the big attraction of the tournament. A large gallery was already waiting for him at the club just to watch him practice. Someone gave him a red golf cap with the word "Toro" on the front, and the Golden Bear became the "Golden Bull" to the Spanish press. Meanwhile, Jack's troublesome throat was being cared for by Dr. Everett Gagliard, an allergist from White Plains, N.Y., who happened to be attending the matches as Corcoran's guest. Much to his pleasure, Doc Gagliard, who was actually in Spain for a fishing trip, soon acquired the title of team physician, but he didn't realize he would end up as one of the busiest doctors in Madrid. Nicklaus' throat wasn't the only problem. Tony Lema's wife came down with some kind of flu, and before long just about all the Americans around had managed to develop some ailment or other.

Lema himself arrived on the scene anything but fit. For much of the summer he had been bothered by a sore elbow, so he took a four-week vacation from the game prior to the cup matches. The exact nature of Tony's ailment is still something of a mystery—perhaps a strained ligament or muscle—but he had been taking cortisone to relieve the pain. His golf showed the effects of the lay-off, for he was hitting plenty of *pelotas curvadas* and *pelotas diagonales* (hooks and slices). On the first two days of play he turned in a pair of 76s, which was deeply disappointing, for he particularly wanted to do well since he obviously was replacing Arnold Palmer in the minds of the Spanish as well as on the scorecards of the U.S.

By Saturday night, it was plain that the U.S. invalids might just as well have stood in bed, for another invalid was ranting away with the whole enchilada. Gary Player, who had started with rounds of 70 and 69 and was playing

superbly, awoke on Saturday morning to discover that he could scarcely move his head off the pillow. Exercise-crazy Gary had hurt his neck the evening before while trying to stand on his head, and had spent much of the night taking hot showers and pills. "I don't think I'm going to be able to get out of bed," he told his wife Vivienne. After a lot of effort, he finally dressed himself in a black turtleneck sweater with a heavy black cardigan over that and drove to the golf course full of doubts. Out on the practice tee he apprehensively waved his wedge a few times and discovered that the kinks in his neck were beginning to go away. Even so, he dared not warm up with anything more strenuous than the wedge. Then he took some wide swings with his putter and was amazed to find that the pain had all but gone. "I think maybe it's going to be all right," he said. "We'll just have to see what happens."

What happened was that Gary teed up—he is even using black tees now—and hooked a rather tentative drive. He then birdied two of the first four holes to go two under par. He and his partner, Harold Henning, a 31-year-old professional from Johannesburg, had taken a one-stroke lead on Thursday, and had widened it to eight on Friday. Gary himself, consistently hitting the ball safe and true down Club de Campo's narrow fairways, had a one-stroke lead for the individual title. When Player was able to finish the first nine Saturday as 35, Corcoran said: "It's all over. Nobody will catch Player the way he is going. The South Africans are running away from everyone." As if to emphasize the point, Player immediately went birdie, par, eagle. He and Henning came in with a 68 and 71 respectively, and while they finished the gallery felt free to settle down at the clubhouse for a leisurely lunch, knowing it would not miss much action. It was, after all, 2 o'clock, and it was Spain, where people eat on a kind of daylight-wasting schedule—2 to 4 for lunch and 10 to midnight for dinner.

Sunday was strictly for presentation ceremonies, as Gary shot a 74 to beat Nicklaus by three strokes for the individual trophy and lead South Africa to an eight-stroke team victory over Spain. The U.S. was third, another three strokes back. For Nicklaus, it was one of those tournaments that he seems to play at half throttle, cruising along with



A MATCHED PAIR of South African winners, Player and Henning showed off similar styles and similar follow-throughs while they were effortlessly taking all of the prizes at Club de Campo.

his delicate touch on the greens keeping him close to the top. He found a lot of hazards around the course, including the squadrons of bees and wasps that live on it. Nicklaus was stung twice. Lemna, who finished in 21st place with a 298, was stung in the ego.

But if others smarted, Player could understandably enjoy his role as super-bee. All year long Gary Player has been, if you will excuse the phrase, a little pain in the neck to U.S. golfers. He would spend weeks maddling around his Johannesburg, South Africa home saying how much he liked it there and how he wanted to be a farmer and how he hated to leave Vivienne and his five kids to go off and play golf somewhere. Finally he would lift a last few weights and down a last bowl of health nosh and come to the U.S., where he would win things like the U.S. Open and the U.S. World Series of Golf and most likely the U.S. George Washington Bridge, if somebody would just put it up as a prize. All told, playing in only 13 U.S. tournaments and two quasi-tournaments, he won \$146,000.

Now he had teamed up with Henning to make off with the Canada Cup—a unique prize of international golf, one founded by U.S. enthusiasts and won by U.S. golfers the last five times in a row. In addition, he had taken the individual trophy, which people like Nicklaus and Hogan and Snead had called their own. And he did it in spite of having his own pain in the neck.

If the one-thousand-dollar prize money for the low individual score plus his half share of the \$2,000 team money was hardly enough to cause a ripple in his bankroll, Player was still much elated over the victory. After the ceremonies were over he said, "Believe me, it is something to sit there and realize you have helped to raise your country's flag and to hear your national anthem played. It puts goose bumps right here."

"There's another thing, too, about a tournament like this," Gary went on, moved by all the pomp. "It brings golf to so many countries that never had much feeling for it. You sense that you have done something for your game. Just think what these matches did for golf in France in 1963, and then look at all the people who were out here. You just watch if golf doesn't start booming in Spain." Why not? It has obviously boomed in South Africa.

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A quick look back at a most peculiar season

It was a topsy-turvy scene. Last year's pennant winners declined and fell into the second division while two sixth-place teams advanced to the World Series. Strikeouts were up, home runs were down, bats were in

Baseball news during the final week of the pennant race was concentrated in California (page 30), and only a few other things really seemed to matter. Roberto Clemente and Tony Oliva won the batting championships again, the White Sox caught the Orioles to give Al Lopez yet another second-place finish, and crowds, if that's the word, of 461 and 409 watched the Red Sox play on successive days. This final report of 1965 on baseball's week presents a condensed playback of each team's season.

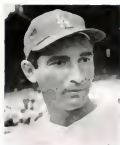
NATIONAL LEAGUE

On May 1, Tommy Davis of LOS ANGELES broke his right ankle sliding into second base. The Dodgers had not been rated too highly as a pennant contender before Davis' injury and after it everyone agreed they didn't have a chance. How could the weak-hitting Dodgers win a pennant without their only legitimate hitter? Now, as the Dodgers play the Minnesota Twins in the World Series, critics, fans and even some

rival National League managers have learned that hitting power and a pennant are not necessarily synonymous. The Dodgers hit only 78 home runs this year, the lowest total in the major leagues, yet they won by capitalizing on great pitching, bunts, stolen bases, infield outs, opponents' errors and last-inning base hits. Captain Maury Wills was the sparkplug of the Dodgers' one-cylinder attack: he harassed pitchers with his poke hits, his 92 stolen bases and his daring, evasive, aggressive base running. Whenever the Dodgers sorely needed a run, Wills seemed somehow always to wheedle it for them. The Dodgers avoided losing streaks—their longest was four games—because, as Cookie Rojas of the Phillies explained, "They have that great stopper in Sandy Koufax." Koufax won 26 games, pitched a perfect game and set a new major-league strikeout record with 382. He was indeed a stopper, and so was Don Drysdale, whose record of 23-12 was not far behind Sandy's. The Dodger pitching generally was overwhelming. In the stretch drive, when Los Angeles won 13 straight

and 15 of 16 to move from a 4½-game deficit to the pennant, the pitchers allowed one run or none in 12 of the 16 games, had an 0.85 earned run average and at one point had yielded only two runs in 60 innings. Last week, when Dodger pitchers were allowing 1, 1, 0, 0, 2, 1 and 0 runs, SAN FRANCISCO pitchers gave up 4, 9, 8, 3, 17, 2 and 3. The Giants were in the pennant scramble all the way because of Willie Mays, who led the majors in home runs with 52, and who set a National League record for home runs in one month with 17 in August (he hit 28 from August 1 to the end of the season). Willie also helped quell the near riot that developed after his teammate, Juan Marchal, hit John Roseboro of the Dodgers with a bat. The episode cost Marchal a \$1,750 fine and a 10-day suspension. It may have cost the Giants the pennant, as well, for Marchal, who had a 19-9 record before the incident, was 3-4 after he returned. His failure in key games the last two weeks hurt the Giants badly. CINCINNATI, supposedly the best team in the league on paper, was a badly beaten fourth on the field. The Reds had the highest team batting average in the majors but never won more than four straight games all year. Jim Maloney pitched two no-hitters—but lost one when Johnny Lewis of the Mets hit a home run in the 11th inning. In the other, Maloney had to pitch a 10th hitless inning before winning 1-0. After losing 24 of his first 33 games, PITTSBURGH played 81-48 baseball—better than any other team in the league—from May 21 to the end of the year. MILWAUKEE, only one game out of first place on September 7, folded in the stretch, finished fifth, 11 games behind, and will move to Atlanta a loser. There was disension in PHILADELPHIA, and the Phillies, picked by many to win everything back in the spring, finished in the second division. Frank Thomas swung a bat at Richie Allen during a fight near the batting cage. Art Mahaffey and Wes Covington were unhappy with Manager Gene Mauch, and Bo Belinsky and Dick Seaver talked of playing in Japan. ST. LOUIS started badly, rallied fitfully once or twice but really was never a threat to repeat last season's cham-

PLAYERS OF THE YEAR



NATIONAL LEAGUE: SANDY KOUFAX



AMERICAN LEAGUE: GOLD VANNATTER

planship. Lou Brock stole 63 bases, but the team had a generally listless year. Ernie Banks hit his 400th career home run, Billy Williams had an outstanding season and Ron Santo hit well, but CHICAGO again finished eighth. HOUSTON was in second place in May, but then started a steady plunge to familiar ninth place. The Astros had three standout youngsters, Outfielder Jim Wynn, rookie Second Baseman Joe Morgan and 19-year-old Pitcher Larry Dierker. Once again, NEW YORK had the worst pitching and the worst hitting in the league. Injuries harassed the Mets' Ron Hunt, the All-Star second baseman, who dislocated his shoulder and was out for three months. Casey Stengel broke his wrist and later his hip and finally retired. The "Youth of America"

who scored 126 runs and batted in 77, was the leader in the drive to the pennant, and this was all the more remarkable because last spring Versalles was fined by Manager Sam Mele for insubordination. Minnesota's owner, Calvin Griffith, said, "That was the thing that woke up the club. It was a sign that Sam finally was getting tough with his players." Although Versalles was the keystone, the greatest moment of the year for the Twins was contributed by Killebrew, who with two out in the last of the ninth inning in the final game before the midseason All-Star break, hit a two-run home run that turned defeat into a startling victory over the then still-feared Yankees. That blow opened a five-game lead but, more than that, it told the Twins, the rest of the league and the whole world, for that matter, that the Yankees were indeed dead. CHICAGO, called in the spring "the best White Sox team I ever managed" by Al Lopez, collapsed when the three players Lopez most depended on, Gary Peters, Juan Pizarro and Pete Ward, all did poorly. Pizarro won only six games, Peters 10 and Ward batted a .10 title .247. Crushing disappointing seasons by Boog Powell, Sam Bowens, John Osnato and Luis Aparicio wrecked BALTIMORE's pennant hopes; the only bright spots were reliable Brooks Robinson, power-hitting rookie Curt Blefary and the soft-throwing reliever, Stu Miller. DETROIT was just three games off the lead on Memorial Day when Acting Manager Bob Swift returned the Tigers to Charley Dressen, who had suffered a heart attack in spring training. Swift told Dressen: "There's no reason why this club should not win the pennant." But Willie Horton slumped, Al Kaline had foot trouble, Dave Wickensham couldn't win—and the Tigers were 13 games out as the season ended.

When CLEVELAND was in first place on July 3, Rocky Colavito had 19 home runs and Max Alvis was batting .287. Colavito hit only seven more homers the rest of the way, Alvis fell off to .247 and the Indians finished a snagg fifth. "Everyone expects the Yankees to win the pennant, and so do I," was one of Johnny Keane's first remarks when he arrived in NEW YORK in April. Keane realized, of course, that Mickey Mantle had become a part-time player, but he had no way of knowing that Elston Howard would be sidelined for two months with a bad elbow, that Roger Maris would miss more than half of the season because of a freak thumb injury, that Jim Houston would drop from 18 wins in 1964 to four in 1965, that Tony Kubek would miss one game in three because of a chronically bad back, or that superstar Phil Lutz would bat .207 and drive in all of 16 runs. Tom Tresh's bat and Mel Stottlemyre's 20-9 record kept the Yankees from an even more abysmal season. All-Stars Jim Fregosi and Dean Chance started badly for CALIFORNIA, which changed

its name but not its feeble personality; both closed strongly, but it was too late for the weak-winged Angels. WASHINGTON finished a respectable eighth, mostly through the efforts of Manager Gil Hodges and five other members of the Dodger Alumni Association. Frank Howard led the Senators with .289, 21 home runs and 84 runs batted in. Third Baseman Ken McMullen hit .263 with 18 home runs, and Dick Nen took over at first base. Pete Rachert won 15 games, Phil Ortega 12—and the Senators would like to make more trades with the Dodgers. ASTON had the league's leading home-run hitter (Tony Conigliaro), the No. 2 batter (Carl Yastrzemski), and scored more runs than any team except the Twins and Tigers, but the pitching and the fielding were the worst in the majors, and the Red Sox finished a shameful ninth. KANSAS CITY nearly edged past Boston and out of the cellar, and with their best players all in their mid- or early 20s the Athletics may have the nucleus of a sound—or, at least, improving—ball club.

Final: LA 107-66; CH 55-67; BOS 54-66; SD 39-73; CIN 67-76; NY 71-72; DET 75-57; WASH 70-90; BOS 67-102; KC 55-103.

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER, EACH TEAM

NATIONAL LEAGUE

DODGERS	Sandy Koufax
GIANTS	Willie Mays
PIRATES	Roberto Clemente
REDS	Deron Johnson
BRaves	Henry Aaron
Phillies	Richie Allen
CARDINALS	Curt Flood
Cubs	Billy Williams
ASTROS	Jimmy Wynn
METS	Roy McMillan

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Twins	Zito Versalles
WHITE SOX	Eddie Fisher
ORIOLES	Brooks Robinson
TIGERS	Willie Horton
INDIANS	Rocky Colavito
Yankees	Mel Stottlemyre
ANGELS	Bob Lee
SENATORS	Frank Howard
RED SOX	Carl Yastrzemski
ATHLETICS	Bert Campanera

RUNS PRODUCED Totals for the season

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Johnson, Ch (197)	97	56	153
Williams, Ch (115)	115	74	189
Robinson, Ch (286)	89	80	169
Wynn, Ch (117)	117	52	169
Mays, SF (145)	128	60	188
Morgan, Ch (257)	126	48	174
Chapman, Pitt (200)	89	87	176
Peters, Ch (305)	97	72	169
Aaron, Atl (214)	109	57	166
Hart, SF (235)	91	73	164
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Givens, Min (212)	103	87	190
Versalles, Min (272)	125	54	179
Colavito, Cle (267)	113	54	167
Alvis, Min (295)	81	66	147
Horton, Det (775)	88	71	159
Robinson, Balt (207)	81	62	143
Wynn, Cle (254)	90	51	141
Tresh, NY (275)	94	48	142
Mantle, Bos (278)	66	76	142
Conigliaro, Bos (245)	62	80	142

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBIs

that Casey left behind looked good at times, especially the night 20-year-old Ty McGraw beat Sandy Koufax before 45,950 in Shea Stadium, giving the Mets three straight wins over the Dodgers.

Final: LA 93-65; SF 93-67; Pitt 90-72; Cle 85-73; SD 88-75; Phil 85-76; WASH 80-81; CIN 72-90; BOS 65-97; NY 50-102.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

For years and years it was the custom each spring for managers of teams in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore and elsewhere to knock the Yankees, to predict that this would be the year that they would beat the New Yorkers. This season, of course, they were right; they all did beat the Yankees. The trouble was, none of them could beat MINNESOTA, a sad sixth last year, a dominant champion this season. Minnesota not only won, it won the way the Yankees used to—strongly and convincingly, and despite injuries and dissension that would have shattered a lesser team's pennant hopes. Versalles, the slashing, hard-running shortstop



Dizzy makes a different kind of pitch

A pitcher who once did an occasional job of low-bridging, enemy batters found himself in high bridge circles for the first time at the recent Lone Star Sectional tournament in Houston and gave a pretty good account of himself. Dizzy Dean, fabulous fast baller of the 1930s and now a fast-talking fracturer of the English language in his popular baseball telecasts, added his name to the list of baseball stars whose bridge exploits have made news—a group that includes Jim Bunning, Stu Miller and Wes Parker.

It wasn't Dean's first experience with duplicate; he had played on occasion in Wiggins, Miss., but this was his first outing in big-time bridge. Ol' Diz made his debut a memorable one by finishing sixth in a field of 148 in the Mixed Pair championship, winding up the evening by bringing

*East-West vulnerable
West dealer*

		NORTH	
		WEST	EAST
		SOUTH	
WEST (J. M. D.)	NORTH (Lester Mathews)	EAST (J. M. D.)	SOUTH (Dizzy Dean)
1 NT.	PASS	3♦	3♦
PASS	PASS	DEB.	DEB.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

home a redoubled contract against a pair of Life Masters, who, quite understandably, prefer to remain anonymous. Since bridge players live in a little world of their own, Diz went virtually unrecognized until the event was over. But his lone kibitzer happened to be Bob Steucker, who is co-author of a forthcoming book which deals with a system called, coincidentally, *The Big Diamond*. "Technically," reports Bob, "Diz is a better pitcher than a bridge player. But, as in everything he ever did, he sure is interesting to watch."

"We're not vulnerable, are we?" Diz had asked after he had been doubled by East. His partner, Mrs. Mathews, is a Life Master and a frequent tournament director and scorer. She is also a most ethical player, so she hid her alarm when she replied truthfully, "No."

"Well, then," continued Diz, "I'm goin' to redouble." Three cheerful passes ended the auction—although North did gulp a little.

West led the king of diamonds and made the helpful shift to the jack of hearts. The lead rode around to declarer's king and, forgetting for the moment about the need to draw trumps, Diz fired back the 8 of hearts, ducked around to East's ace.

In a desperate attempt to get a heart ruff, East underled his ace of spades but this gallant effort failed. Diz ruffed, cashed the ace of clubs and continued with the queen. West won with the king and dutifully led back a heart for East to ruff, but it was too late. East had no more trumps. Diz lost a heart trick later, but he made his redoubled contract.

Luckily for the opponents, the scoring was at match points, where you can't get worse than a zero. At total points or International Match Points, the loss would have been astronomical. All over the room East and West were making four spades—and in many cases they were making it doubled. North's five trumps against the spade contract were only slightly embarrassing to West as declarer. The singleton-club opening brought North a second-round club ruff. But when North exited with a heart, declarer took the trick with East's ace, led a trump to the queen, then played three rounds of diamonds. A fourth diamond was ruffed in West's hand. West cashed the king of spades and led another round and East's ace-jack cleaned up the suit. The fifth diamond was declarer's 10th trick and he lost a heart at the end.

END

Chesterfield People:

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CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

Yes yes, three in a row for My My, and Sweetie Face, too

Briskly run and featuring some stellar horsemanship, the state fair at Louisville was a galloping success, except for a silly pony class

A show horse," remarked Hugh Richardson in Louisville during the Kentucky State Fair Horse Show. "It is temperamental as a Follies girl. You can spend \$100,000 a year to keep one, and she may slap you in the face. And she can also make you look and feel like a big shot." At the show's end Richardson, beaming as he poured the victory champagne, was definitely in the latter category. His daughter Jolie's mare, My My, had won the five-gaited World's Grand Championship for the third consecutive time, setting a record for mares. (Jolie's Lady Carrigan, another one of those volatile females, won the championship four times, the last in 1958, but not in a row.)

Stake night in the Freedom Hall Coliseum, with a capacity crowd of 14,784, was hot and humid enough to wilt a jungle orchid. With 11 entries in the ring all eyes still were on the open gate. The three top contenders—Frank Bradshaw on Jolie's My My, Earl Teater on Dodge Stables' Star of the Show, and Tom Moore on Knolland Farms' The Contender—were trying to upstage each other. Each wanted to make a dramatic last entrance. Moore outlived the others and once in the ring began his stalk of My My. At first, his bright gelding seemed to have the edge. My My had not yet slipped into that extra gear that leaves her rivals standing still. But before long she did so. "She's too big and too tough," sighed one Contender fan as My My became more and more dazzling and The Contender faded away, hot and out of heart. He was awarded second, displacing Star of the Show, who had been the reserve champion last year.

For Jolie, this triumph was especially satisfying. With great difficulty she had coaxed a temporary release from the Atlanta hospital, where she had lain seriously ill since July, in order to spend one night at the show. And the ensuing success and elation were some compensation for other miseries of recent years. First a soft-drink bottle had exploded and cut her leg, forcing her out of the show-ring. A severe illness and a kidney operation followed. When she was recovering from that her champion mare, Lady Carrigan, caught the equine virus and died. Next, her champion stallion, Captain Denmark, and 28 other horses perished in a stable fire. Then, happily, she purchased My My and the mare has never been defeated, neither has Jolie's morale.

Another consecutive three-time winner at Louisville was the crowd-pleasing black mare named Supreme Airs but called Sweetie Face by her owner, Mrs. J. W. Gallagher. ("After all, you can't say, 'Come here, Supreme Airs,'" she explained.) Sweetie Face has now won the fine-harness stake for 2-, 3- and 4-year-old horses at the Fair, a feat never before accomplished in the memory of anyone present.

The Dodge Stables, winner of more world championships over the years than any other owner, added still another trophy to an impressive collection. With Trainer Earl Teater in the saddle, Local Talent, a consistently animated chestnut mare, became the World's Grand Champion three-gaited horse for the second time. Earlier in the week Dodge had set a different sort of record. After winning

the weanling class the stables announced that the filly had been sold to Mrs. J. R. Sharp of Tulsa for \$10,000, the highest price ever paid for a show horse prospect. That hardly leaves Dodge without stock for the future. The stables' Flight Time was the winner of the gaited stake for 3-year-olds.

This year, for a change, the open fine-harness division was full and competitive largely because of the absence of that invincible stallion, Colonel Boyle, whose trainer, Art Simmons, apparently did not like one of the judges. So the new Louisville champion was an elegant chestnut gelding named Thunderbird, owned by Mrs. A. J. Kavanaugh and driven by Trainer Dick Hadley. Another Hadley triumph saw The Cock Robin, a remarkably little horse who thinks big, add two more titles to his already amazing record by winning both the ladies' and amateur fine-harness stakes for Mrs. Kavanaugh. This chestnut gelding, durable as Satchel Paige, seems as bright as when he won his first world championship six years ago. "He acts younger all the time," said the 35-year-old Hadley. "I wish I could figure out how he does it. I just feel older each year. He's such a perfect little horse, just like a toy or a watch box. You almost think you should invite him into the house." At home in Oklahoma City, Hadley keeps Robin in a stall that is specially built up so that he seems to be as normally horse-size as his stablemates. Visitors, accustomed to seeing him in the show-ring, are usually surprised at his diminutive stature when he is not in motion. But when Robin has the tankard, he clearly is certain that he is bigger and better than any other horse in the ring, and the judges generally agree with him.

With only one sour note at this extremely successful show was again the inclusion of the fancy-pony turnout class on stake night. In it a little boy, dressed in top hat and tails and looking like a miniature undernourished, drives a pony with a little girl for companion. She wears a huge skirt that totally covers the buggy and looks like a turtle shell of pastel nuke. The rouged and lipsticked girl-child simpers at the audience and finally kisses the equally rouged boy when the ribbon is awarded. The children obviously are not responsible for this ludicrous display; it has to be parental delinquency. And just what the judge uses as a gauge to reach his decision is one of those horse show mysteries that is best left forever unexplained.

END



"You're not Alice."

No, that isn't Alice.
Alice isn't with us anymore.
And we understand the "regulars"
on her flight aren't very happy about it.
After you flew with Alice once, she
remembered your face the next time.
And your name the next time.
And that you liked your coffee with

saccharin after that.
And what happened to Alice?
Well, if you must know, one of you
married her.
In fact, one or another of you has
married practically every stewardess
we've ever had.
(It's got to the point now where we

can't keep girls more than 2 years.)
So don't look at us that way if you
happen to miss Alice.
(Or Doreen or Nora or "that little
Miss Whoosis with the red hair.")
You can't go on removing these girls
from the premises and still expect to
find them on the airplane.

American Airlines



I love boxing.

The image of a Black Muslim as the
world heavyweight champion disgraces the
sport and the nation. Therefore,

CASSIUS CLAY MUST BE BEATEN

BY

Floyd Patterson

CONTINUED

Floyd Patterson will fight Cassius Clay for the world heavyweight championship on November 22 in Las Vegas. Here, with Writer Jack Mahon, he tells why he believes he is going to win the title fight, and why he feels that he must win it

Coming away from the very disappointing—and in many ways shocking—second Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay heavyweight title fight in Lewiston, Me. last May, I listened to some pretty harsh comments about it and about the sport of boxing in general.

Many of those who had made the long trip to Lewiston for the one-minute fiasco insisted that Liston-Clay had killed boxing. Many openly charged that it was a fixed fight, and former Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney suggested that Liston's purse be held up pending an investigation.

Such talk following such a totally disappointing title fight was not surprising. But not long afterward, when tempers had cooled and a longer-range view could be taken of Clay's one-round knockout of Sonny, a more rational appraisal of the entire heavyweight boxing picture was possible. I was put forth as Clay's most logical next opponent, largely because of the popular decision I had won over George Chuvalo at Madison Square Garden, and the match was eventually signed for Las Vegas next month.

I think my fight with Clay is one the boxing public wants to see—and should see. But I do not agree with many of the things written and said about it. I realize that sports-writers and publicity men like to play up various angles on every big fight. But one would think, from some of the things I've read, that I will not only be trying to win the heavyweight title for the third time, but fighting to save boxing as well. You could get the idea that the entire sport depends on me and that if I, as some sort of homemade Sir Galahad, do not defeat the villain, Clay, boxing will most certainly die. That is nonsense. Boxing does not need me, or anyone else, to survive. It is most presumptuous, I think, to suggest that a sport almost a century old could stand or fall on what one fighter does or does not do.

On the other hand, and I feel very strongly about this, boxing must certainly use a new image right now. I say it, and I say it flatly, that the image of a Black Muslim as the world heavyweight champion disgraces the sport and the nation. Cassius Clay must be beaten and the Black Muslims' scourge removed from boxing.

I have much respect for Clay as a fighter, but I lost a lot of respect for him as a person when he joined the Black Muslims, particularly when he gave them credit for helping him win the championship. Cassius has made no secret of his devotion to Black Muslimism. He boasts of it, parades and flaunts it whenever he can. He constantly raises racial issues. By calling me a "Black White Hope" and by several other ill-advised and intemperate remarks, he has continually damaged the image of American Negroes and the civil rights groups working on their behalf. No decent person can look up to a champion whose credo is "hate whites." I have nothing but contempt for the Black Muslims and that for which they stand.

Aubrey Barnett, a Muslim official who left the movement, wrote, "The Muslims, no less than the Ku Klux

Klan, want to keep the Negro in his place." He charged that the Muslims' alleged programs for education, economic uplift, moral rehabilitation, family harmony and brotherhood were all myths. "The Muslims are all talk and no action," Mr. Barnett said. "They can condemn, complain and criticize, but cannot deliver on any of their promises. To the Negro, they have been another foot on the back . . . another slave master."

I am a Roman Catholic. I do not believe God put us here to hate one another. I believe the Muslim preaching of segregation, hatred, rebellion and violence is wrong. What religion teaches that?

By preaching such propaganda and not flatly condemning the murder of Malcolm X, who quit the Muslims, Cassius Clay is disgracing himself and the Negro race.

I have tried to be charitable in my judgment of Clay. I have tried to convince myself that he has been taken in by the Muslims, that he really does not know what they stand for. I have reasoned that perhaps Cassius is being shown the king on the cake, and if he attended some of their top-secret meetings Clay would have nothing to do with the Muslims.

Many people familiar with Clay's situation have told me during the past year that he will try to break with the Muslims very soon. I doubt it. I don't think their leaders would like that—or permit it. Cassius has far too much recruiting value for the Muslims to let him quit now. The assassination of Malcolm X certainly must have affected Clay, as it did everyone else in the Muslim movement. I think all the talking Cassius did—boasting he wasn't going to hide and things like that—was just for effect. He wanted to show the world he wasn't afraid.

It could well be he is very afraid.

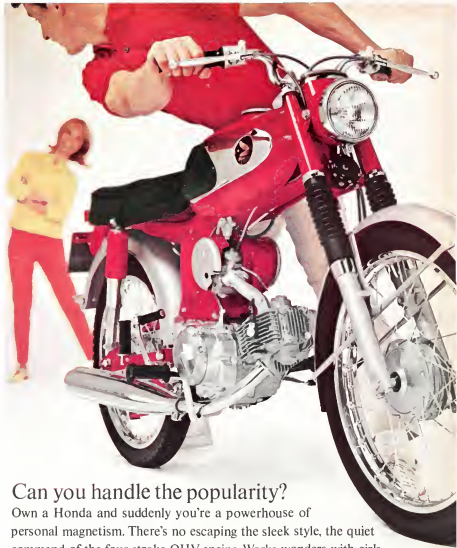
I know I'd be. I wonder, under the circumstances, if I'd dare to fight. To be perfectly frank, I have even thought about an assassination attempt on Clay while our fight is in progress. If the late President Kennedy can be assassinated, it should not be too difficult to kill Clay, for he is nowhere near as important as our late President.

Suppose someone did try to kill Clay while we were fighting. I'm not joking. Two fighters move around quickly, and if a bullet is fired I might move right into the range and get killed instead of Clay. If the possibility of assassination has occurred to me, I guess Clay has thought about it, too.

It has been strongly suggested by some columnists that Black Muslim strong-arm men threatened Sonny Liston's life unless he took things easy with Mr. Clay. What would I do if my life were threatened unless I lost this fight?

First: I do not believe Liston was threatened. What happened to Sonny in the two Clay fights seemed fairly clear to me, and I will go into that later. If my life were threatened, of course I would be afraid. The Black Muslims are capable of anything. However, they cannot possibly understand one thing. Someday we are all going to die. And the best way to die is doing something we love. I

continued



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BLENDED WHISKEY—66 AND 80 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

love boxing. I may not love the long, tough, lonely hours of training, or being hidden away. I accept that. But once I am in that ring for a fight I am where I want to be and doing what I want to do. Nothing in the world—threats, violence or guns—could make me do anything dishonorable, anything but my best.

What is more, the heavyweight championship cannot be allowed to belong to one organization—good or bad. In all the years of boxing the heavyweight championship belonged, really, to a country. If you now give away the championship to an organization that hardly recognizes your country, other countries and other people will look down on you. Particularly people like the Muslims.

That is why I once offered to fight Clay for nothing and to give the title—if I won it—to the No. 1 contender. Not just offer the contender a fight, but give him the title. Clay turned the offer down because he had an agreement to give Liston a return match. I was ranked No. 7 then. Now that I have fought my way back to the No. 1 contender's spot, I feel just as strongly as ever about taking the title away from Clay and away from the Muslims.

Apart from these considerations, how do I feel about the Clay fight, my comeback and what the future holds for me?

Well, above all, I am certain that I will become the first man in history ever to win the heavyweight championship of the world for the third time. There are many reasons for this. One is a new feeling of faith in myself. Let me explain.

One day last January while I was training for the Chuvalo fight, Mickey Alan, the singer, who is a good friend of mine, came up for a visit. He has been around with me for a long time, has done road work with me and so forth. He knows me pretty well.

He told me he thought I should keep away from Chuvalo. Not to fight my usual way but to move in and out. He asked me how I felt about the fight, and I told him I was confident I would win it.

You know what happened. I won the decision over Chuvalo in a real tough fight. But I won much more than that, too. I won back something that I secretly was not sure of up there in camp—my self-confidence.

The Chuvalo fight gave me more strength spiritually than I think I have ever had. For years the press has been

writing about my "china chin," saying I couldn't take a punch and that's why I would not win this fight or that one. I guess when you hear something over and over for a long period of time you can't help but begin to believe it.

Though Chuvalo did not rate as a puncher, many experts figured he would knock me out. One night Mickey Alan thought I was joking when I told him I hoped it would be a hard fight. But I did. I wanted to find out just how much truth there was in the "china chin" talk. I was actually determined to test it.

If you remember the fight, it was more than I'd hoped for. Because I had previously injured my left hand, I could not fight in my usual style, even had I wanted to. I had to move in, then away, just as Mickey had suggested. I took lots of punishment, and don't let anyone tell you Chuvalo can't hurt you. That I could take that kind of beating and some pretty good punches on the chin without going down did something to me.

I was very tired near the end of the fight, but inside—mentally, that is—I felt great. Part of it was the wonderful feeling I experienced when the Madison Square Garden crowd began calling, "Come on, Floyd. Come on, Floyd." I can't tell you what that meant to me. It was more impressive because my opponent was white. Usually in mixed fights the majority of the crowd is for the white boy. Weeks before my fight Cassius Clay called Chuvalo the "White Hope." But during the fight I became the "White Hope."

The roar of that crowd, a crowd yelling for me, was a tremendous incentive. I never thought I'd be accepted that way in New York—which is one of the reasons I have not fought there in so many years. A crowd actually pulling for me gave me a feeling I had never experienced before. It was like coming home after a long absence.

All of these things—the way the Chuvalo fight developed, my new confidence and the feeling that perhaps I haven't a "china chin" after all—give me a very healthy mental attitude toward the fight with Cassius Clay. A fighter's mental attitude—his peace of mind and ability to think clearly—is very important. I know, because my thinking, as much as anything, caused me to disgrace myself in the two Liston fights.

For the Clay fight I know exactly what I am going to do. Clay has a good but

continued

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BEAT CASSIUS continued

not particularly dangerous punch. At least he has not shown one so far. I am sure I punch harder than he does. I also have a great deal more experience than Cassius, and this will be a big factor in our fight.

I have been fighting since 1952—that's 13 years. I have fought all kinds of opponents: big men, small men, south-paws, every kind of style. Clay has been fighting only about five years as a pro and has never once really been in trouble. It is when a man is under heavy fire that experience truly pays off. I think Clay is the type who could be easily confused if things did not go just the way he had planned.

Most fighters dislike following orders. They feel they should be the boss in the ring. They want to run things their own way. I know. I have disobeyed instructions, and I don't like to remember what happened to me.

I do not mean to imply that I question Clay's ability to fight back if he is hurt. No, indeed. After all, he took too many liberties with Sonny Banks and got knocked down. He was also knocked down by Henry Cooper. Both times he got off the floor to win. Then, too, Cassius was in difficulty in the first round of his fight with Doug Jones. Doug almost put him down with a right hand to the head, but Clay pulled himself together and went on to win the decision.

These things indicate that Clay does not lack a fighting heart. They also indicate he will go down if he is tagged with a solid punch.

You do not get into trouble unless you make mistakes. I have watched some of Clay's fights and have seen several flaws in his style. Naturally, I do not care to discuss all of them here. One, which is no secret to fight fans, is Clay's tendency to carry his hands too low. He drops his hands after delivering a punch. Though Banks and Jones caught him doing this, they didn't follow through. Cassius would not get away with this against a more experienced fighter.

Clay fights this way because he is very conscious of his speed. He has a wonderful pair of legs and relies on them to keep him—or to get him—out of trouble. He is very young and determined. He is also, I think, careless. He is going to learn that his legs won't keep him out of difficulty indefinitely.

I really can't offer an opinion on Clay's ability to take a punch. Banks, Cooper

continued



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BEAT CASSIUS continued

and Jones all have hurt him, and none of them are regarded as punchers. As for the two Liston-Clay fights, the less said about them the better. These were fights that *should* have furnished a real line on Clay. Liston certainly had the punch and the experience, more of each than anyone Clay had ever fought. Liston must shoulder full responsibility for these two debacles that shook the public's confidence in boxing and indirectly and unfairly involved Clay.

Many people refuse to accept Clay seriously as a fighter. He talks too much. He seems insecure and immature in many ways. Because of Liston, Cassius has yet to prove himself as champion. In all fairness, Cassius has never had the chance. Certainly he cannot be blamed for the Miami mismatch in which he won the title or the horrible rerun at Lewiston, in which Liston did not throw a single worthwhile punch.

I was one of the few who gave Clay a good chance against Sonny at Miami, but I certainly never expected to see Liston give away his title by sitting on a stool in his corner. I lost respect for Sonny Liston at that fight. He showed contempt for the fans and the cheap regard he had for the most prized title boxing offers. I think Sonny Liston was a real good fighter *until* he won the heavyweight title. As soon as he became champion, Liston retired.

What happened to Liston in Maine? Was the punch which ended that so-called championship fight a legitimate knockout blow? I've been asked these questions a thousand times, and my answer is always the same. Liston was an old man—a very old man—with nothing left. I saw the fight from the working-press section, and I insist that Sonny was knocked out with a legitimate, sharp, hard right-hand chop under his left ear.

No one was more shocked than I to see what had happened to Sonny since he had lost his title at Miami. This was not the same fighter. He was a hollow shell, a man completely without confidence, spirit or condition who was up against a young, cocky and very self-confident champion. Liston's legs and reflexes were gone.

I saw it very plainly. Sonny was pushing toward Clay, who was hacking near the ropes. Clay stopped suddenly as Liston got within range and, as Sonny slightly lowered his left shoulder, Clay

crossed



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BEAT CASSIUS continued

guy. That sort of thing. I didn't agree with this at all, and it bothered me.

I kept thinking about these things right up until the fight. When the bell rang and I came out, instead of seeing Liston, I seemed to have a vision of all these people; what they told me and wanted me to do. All I can remember is that I wasn't able to think of the fight at all.

I trained hard for that fight. Maybe too hard. And I disobeyed orders. My trainer, Dan Florio, told me not to press Liston but to box him the way Clay later did. But the moment the bell rang I had a complete blackout. I forgot everything, including the fight.

That is why I was so ashamed. I think when a person feels ashamed he should be ashamed. Why try to hide it? I was so ashamed of the way I had lost the fight—not losing, but the way I lost—and that I had let so many people down, I used a disguise and was able to leave Chicago unnoticed.

I was severely criticized for that, but

I don't think anyone can understand how I feel about things unless they can walk in my shoes. I am sure if anyone else had been in my shoes—even the President or Mr. Bunche—they would have felt ashamed and have done what I did. This is an attitude I will always have. I am not trying to get rid of it, it is part of me. I always want to be myself.

Coming up to the second Liston fight I think pride, more than anything, influenced me. My pride had been deeply hurt by my showing in the first fight. I wanted desperately to beat Liston, though I still could not hate him. There is a great difference between viciousness and hate. That is why I spend so much time in distant training camps, in seclusion. I prefer this type of environment, because you can eat, sleep, train and think about boxing. I owe a lot to boxing. I have been fighting, amateur and professional, for 15 years, and every step of the way has been worth it. Boxing has given me security. It has enabled me to buy my mother a home, to help my

brother's education, to furnish a beautiful house and to provide for my family. In order to do all this there had to be sacrifice. Part of this sacrifice is being away from my family. I have to stay in camp nine months of the year. The more I have to give up, the more vicious I can become. I have to cultivate viciousness. It's like you take an animal and keep it in a dark room for a long time. That's the kind of thing I mean.

My body does not actually need all this training. I box only three days a week and go on the road four. I take long walks. The main thing about condition is hanging on to it. My primary purpose in camp is to get ready mentally rather than physically.

Actually I had all the incentive I needed for the return bout with Liston. I had won the title back once before. I could do it again. I dreamed what it would be like, winning the championship back for the second time.

In Las Vegas Dan Florio, Ernie Fowler and Buster Watson trained me to fight

continued



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Liston just the way Clay was to fight him later in Miami. I knew exactly what they wanted me to do, but then I guess my pride took over.

I got to remembering all I had done in boxing. How I had won the Olympic title and turned professional. How I had won the heavyweight title from Archie Moore in 1956. I remembered the big money, the excitement of being the youngest heavyweight champion and the greatest thrill of my life, winning the title back by knocking out Ingemar Johansson in our second fight. I guess all of this was in the back of my mind and that I secretly decided to fight my own fight.

I reasoned that I was almost as strong as Liston and that I could do just as much damage moving forward as he could, so why go backward? I disobeyed my trainer and walked right into Liston.

It is altogether different now. I have learned my lesson. In a sense, it is about time Mr. Clay learned a few things also.

Finally, I would like to answer another question that I have been asked

many times: Why do I keep on fighting?

I have enough money to retire right now. I could have retired three years ago. It is not the money. I want to leave boxing feeling like I did when I came into it, like I felt when I won my first Golden Gloves championship.

I promised myself I would quit if I lost the second Liston fight. But, because of the way I lost it, I did not quit. I had let a lot of people down. I knew myself, and I knew that I would never be completely happy until I had done what I have to do. I decided to make one more comeback. If I had lost to Eddie Machen or Charlie Powell or George Chuvalo, I would have retired.

Now I want to win the title back from Cassius Clay. This is both a personal goal and something of a moral crusade. I am convinced, now that he wants to get rid of his wife because she will not embrace the Muslim faith, that Clay is really a dedicated Black Muslim and has no intention of quitting them. He must be beaten.

I have received a great deal of abusive mail berating me for criticizing the Black Muslim philosophy. I have been told Clay has every right to follow any religion he chooses. I agree wholeheartedly. Clay's religion should be his own business.

By the same token, I want these critics, these defenders of the Black Muslim way of life, to understand something. I have rights, too. I have the right to call the Black Muslims a menace to the United States and a menace to the Negro race. I have the right to say the Black Muslims stink.

If I were to support Black Muslims, I might just as well support the Ku Klux Klan.

So, in addition to winning the world's heavyweight title for the third time, I have one other responsibility. The Black Muslim influence must be removed from boxing.

There is only one way to do the job. That is to take the championship away from Cassius Clay. This I hope to do. **END**

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Sirs:

It would certainly seem to me a magazine of your high caliber would check the facts before printing anything like your statement in FOOTBALL'S WEEK (Sept. 27) about the pass-and-pitch play executed by Kirby Moore, Pat Hodgson and Bob Taylor. If you think Bear Bryant is the kind of coach who wouldn't make himself heard if he thought such a play was illegal, your reporter hasn't learned his way around the S-C yet.

There never was any question of the play's legality, before or after the films were shown. Perhaps it was just too tough to print the facts after your previous week's article on the "unbeatable" Tide. At least be fair to a good Georgia team that is playing more on spirit and desire than real ability and give credit where it is so truly deserved.

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Atlanta

Sirs:

The pass play that won the game for Georgia should not have been dead on the 35. One of the officials, as shown in your sequence picture No. 4, was right on top of the play. He was quite able to detect what happened. He ruled correctly that Hodgson caught and flipped the ball back in one motion without ever having *full possession*. He did not, as you claim, have possession when his knees touched the ground.

JOHN LUDWIG

Atlanta

Sirs:

The matter of Hodgson's knees touching the ground was completely irrelevant, since he never had possession of the ball, but deflected it (not a lateral) to Taylor, who went in for the touchdown.

WILLIAM T. DAWSON

Montgomery, Ala.

Sirs:

Granted the No. 3 frame in your picture sequence gives the appearance that Hodgson is holding the ball, I believe if you look closely at a slow-motion showing of the game film, omitting no frames, you will see that in order to bat a pass it is necessary for both hands to make contact for an instant. This does not constitute possession of the ball.

MICHAEL CURRAN

Atlanta

● After a careful review of the pictures, we can only reaffirm our opinion that

Hodgson had possession of the ball when his knee touched the ground and that the ball should have been dead on the 35-yard line.—ED.

RELATIVE MATTER

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jack Olsen on his keen insight and masterful treatment of some of the many and often misrepresented facets of professional football (*How Smart Is Too Smart?*, Sept. 27). That the article is about Dr. Frank Ryan, one of the game's most deserving and most misunderstood players, makes it all the more a classic sports feature.

Ryan is truly a remarkable man in his chosen field. However, Olsen is even more broadly astute in his *The manner in which he weaved and threaded, checked and blocked all the way through to a fine conclusion without once indulging a single soul (even where obviously warranted) is the mark of a dedicated and sincere sports-writer.*

Olsen's skill in oiling troubled waters with a pen should earn him a nomination for commissioner. Barring that, I certainly hope he continues to turn out enlightening articles on other outstanding NFLers.

ROBERT C. WELKLY

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

A deft piece of writing, Mr. Olsen's ability to take a highly intricate subject—mathematics—and humanize it to a degree of easy, comfortable reading for the layman is to be commended.

IRA B. HARKLEY III

Columbia, Mo.

Sirs:

Speaking of "branny but immature" quarterbacks (that's how your Sept. 13 Scouting Report describes St. Louis Cardinal signal-caller Charley Johnson), I think it is only fair to point out that recently Johnson hurled six TO passes, one shy of the NFL mark, to lead the Big Red to a smashing 49-13 rout of Dr. Frank Ryan and the defending champion Cleveland Browns. We Cardinal football fans trust that SI will now recognize "Clucking" Charley for his maturity as well as his brains.

JIM SCOTT

St. Louis

Sirs:

If you are going to write about a pro quarterback, why not Bart Starr of the Packers? First you write a feature on Y. A. Tittle and now Frank Ryan. Starr is the most under-

rated quarterback in either league. Ask the best coach—Vince Lombardi.

NORM GUELL

Hutchinson, Kans.

INTERLEAGUE

Sirs:

"The Packers," you say, "came back in the second half for a 41-9 victory and underlined their rating as the best team in football" (*Those Frowny New Packers*, Sept. 27). It may well be that this lopsided conquest did more to establish Pittsburgh's rating as one of the worst teams in football.

Isn't it about time NFL supporters realize that a growing number of fans no longer accept a team's claim to national superiority merely because that team shows well in National League play grounds? Let them prove their right to thrust their noses in the air by actually rubbing the noses of the AFL champs into the turf in gridiron battle.

ODD J. HUMAN

Buffalo

Sirs:

I read with interest Tex Maule's article about the "fearome" Packers. Since Maule and Lombardi are such vehement knockers of the AFL and the article emphasized the Packers' drafting programs, I would like to cite a few facts.

In 1964 the Packers drafted and failed to sign the following "top" players: Larry Elkins, drafted second, signed by Houston; Alphonse Osteen, drafted third, signed by Kansas City. In 1963 the Packers lost three of their top choices to the AFL: Jon Morris, drafted second, signed by Boston; Ode Burrell, drafted third, signed by Houston; and Joe O'Donnell, drafted third (trade from Giants), signed by Buffalo.

And speaking of young quarterbacks with the "equipment," the Packers also drafted and failed to sign Daryle Lamonica of the Buffalo Bills.

Too a league which Maule and Lombardi often criticize, the AFL seems to have acquired quite a few players that were highly regarded by Mr. Lombardi.

BILL PRICE

Lake Worth, Fla.

MEMORY LANE

Sirs:

Your praises of Lloyd Cardwell as the college football "legend" of the Midwest (*Scouting Reports*, Sept. 20) fell on the very receptive ears of one who often spent his dollar to sit in the end zone of the University of Nebraska stadium and watch The Wild Hoss rampage back in the '30s. Although he could not do anything but run,

there was no one else to match him in that. However, even though The Wild Hoss was a boyhood hero, I must reject your implication that Jay Berwanger owes his greater reputation to a better publicist. I was lucky enough to see that 1935 Chicago-Nebraska game and came away with the feeling that in Berwanger I had seen a real All-America. Despite the fact that his ineffectual teammates could neither block nor tackle with any degree of skill and even dropped perfectly executed passes thrown to wide-open receivers in the end zone, never once did he give less than 100% of himself and an equal amount of leadership to the other Chicago players. He was truly magnificent.

The Wild Hoss need apologize to no one, but Jay Berwanger was his peer.

KENNETH F. HANST JR.

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Equally spectacular as "the block" was "the tackle" Harrison Stafford made on Cy Leland in the 1930 Texas-TCU game. Leland was the conference sprint champion, and the year before TCU had beaten us 15-12 on his kickoff return for a touchdown. In the 1930 game Texas was forced to punt early in the third quarter. Leland fielded the punt and took off. Stafford met him head on, and Leland was tossed in the air like a matador being tossed by a bull. Grover (Ox) Emerson (later a star pro guard) caught him in midair, and poor Cy had to be carried off the field on a stretcher.

Stafford said that Leland tried to sidestep just before they made contact, and it resulted in Stafford hitting with his head instead of his shoulder. That was the last thing Stafford remembered about the game, although he wasn't taken out and went on to score the winning touchdown in the fourth quarter. To hear Ernie Key (senior) tell it, that wasn't the only time Stafford played by "instinct."

GARDNER DUNCAN

Eagle Lake, Texas

Sirs:

Your blend of the present with the past in the college football issue provided a sentimental journey for all of us who have followed the game down through the years.

JAMIE McDOWELL

The National Football Foundation
and Hall of Fame

New Brunswick, N.J.

PRINCELY GESTURE

Sirs:

In connection with your story *The Prince of Pittsburgh* (Sept. 13), I know of a very big plus on Bob Prince's side which proves there really is something new in baseball. Bob provided the quarterbacking for The Hutchinson Foundation, an organization sponsored by the writers, radio and TV announcers on the major league beat. Bob's

continued

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) J. Richard Matro

19TH HOLE

committee will 1) provide an annual \$1,000 scholarship to a medical student in cancer research selected by Dr. William Hutchinson, brother of the late Fred Hutchinson—in whose memory the foundation was founded—and 2) select one major league each season who best exemplifies Hush's fighting spirit on the field of play. Bob and his committee (three baseball writers and one other announcer) already have raised enough money to underwrite the foundation's scholarship for the first three years.

Chicago

GRAND DESIGN

Sgt:

One of your letters-to-the-editor writers has obviously misinterpreted Sailor Corry Shields's philosophy of boat racing (19TH HOLE, Sept. 29). Contrary to the opinion expressed by him, Corry has for many, many years been an ardent supporter of complete one-design classes, and the more of them, in his opinion, the better. Those that he has founded and the many dozens in which he has raced support this. He believes that one-design classes are the finest of all training grounds for skippers and crews, provided the boats are completely one-design and no tolerances or variances whatsoever are permitted. He believes, however, that helmsmen should not confine their activities to one class entirely but should, on occasion, seek opportunities to prove their talents in severe competition wherever and as often as they can. They should not be satisfied being big frogs in small ponds but endeavor to prove their abilities in larger ones. For that reason Shields has regularly expressed admiration for sailors like Bud Melges, Bobby Mosbacher and his own son, Corry Jr., all of whom are constantly willing to race in anything against anybody at any time.

As for Corry's suggestion that the America's Cup series be sailed in sizable one-design boats in order to eliminate flounders like 1954 and 1964, Shields stands at his recent book that something practical and economical must be done to preserve and develop interest in this legendary series. He predicts that this change may come about in the relatively near future, and your letter writer may well see it, if not in one-design boats then probably through a creation built at the top of the present Cruising Club rule, with perhaps an addition in sail area. Such boats would be as fast and as glamorous as the 12s, and would, in Corry's opinion, excite notable interest in new boat construction, because they would enjoy a good after-market for many years for cruising and offshore racing. At least they would not lie in sheds covered with dust as the 12s do after their brief period of glory and enormous cost.

Brooklyn

ROBERT G. GARDNER

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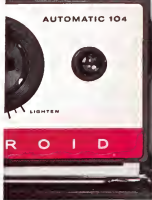
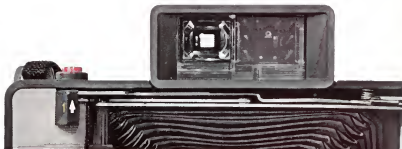
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